OR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE.

FRENCH ART AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1667 JAN. 2, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

SLEEPING BADLY?
Take
GENASPRIN
The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

Counteract Acidity
By drinking
Apollinaris
NATURAL MINERAL WATER
with your spirits or at your meals
TRADE MARK

WE NEED YOUR MONEY FOR A SPLENDID CAUSE
THE CARE OF YOUNG LIVES
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
(Founded 1843)
Plead most earnestly for immediate funds, to feed, clothe and educate the 1,100 children in the various Homes and Training Ship "Arethusa."
Subscriptions and Donations show a heavy falling off.
Please Help Us
THE CHILDREN WILL THANK YOU
164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2

For uses innumerable.
On Sale Everywhere.
Tubes, 4½d., 6d., 9d.

SECCOTINE
(Registered Trade Mark)
THE WORLD-FAMOUS ADHESIVE—MENDS THINGS, LARGE OR SMALL—ALWAYS READY

Write for free booklet.
M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Limited, Belfast.

You CAN depend upon

PLAYER'S

AIRMAN

TOBACCOS

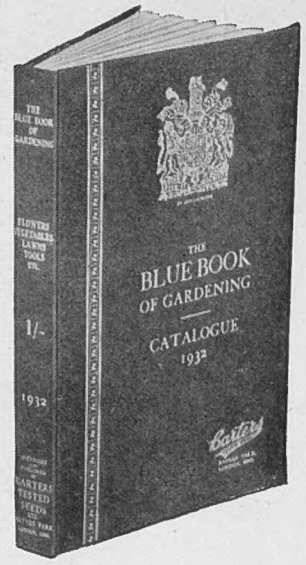
AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE
AIRMAN BROWN
HONEYDEW
AIRMAN GOLDEN
HONEYDEW

ALL AT
10D.
PER OZ.

P.A.II.A

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd

1932 Carters TESTED SEEDS LTD



NEW EDITION OF
CARTERS
BLUE BOOK
OF GARDENING

Re-edited with many new features and
BEAUTIFUL COLOUR PLATES

Procure a Copy before placing your Garden Seed order

Obtainable at the Bookstalls of W. H. Smith & Son, Wymans, and Carters London Garden Shops and Agencies throughout the Country. *Price* 1/-

From Carters Headquarters:
RAYNES PARK, S.W.20
Post Free 1/6

GOOD THINGS in the BLUE BOOK

"ORANGE FLARE"
Carters New Sweet Pea, fragrant and delicate of petal. Colour like a Flaming Torch (page 17). 24 seeds, 2/6; 12 seeds, 1/6

"PÊCHE MELBA"
Carters new Sweet Pea of giant size, proved the finest cream pink during past season (page 15). 36 seeds, 2/6; 12 seeds, 1/-

"GOLDEN BEAM"
New Calendula, clear Old Gold, delicate quilled form (page 61). Packet, 2/6 and 1/-

"GOLDEN GLEAM"
New Sweet Scented Nasturtium, double and semi-climbing (page 138). Packet, 2/6 and 1/-

"FRUIT"
Carters New Tomato, firm fine flavoured flesh, can be sliced without breaking up (page 329). Packet, 2/6, 3/6 and 5/-

DIARY OF THE GARDEN
Pages 385–399

A Beautifully Illustrated Abridged Catalogue. 64 pages.
Post free on application.

MONTE CARLO, this winter, dedicates all its triumphs: triumph of luxury and international elegance, triumph of art and beauty, triumph of sport . . . and above all, triumph of eternal sun.

Exceptional theatrical and musical season under the distinguished patronage of Prince Louis II of Monaco.

Golf Club of Mt. Agel (open all the year round—ideal temperature).

Tennis at the Country Club (21 courts).

European Motor-Car Rally.

Monaco Speed Grand Prix.

HOTEL DE PARIS
HOTEL HERMITAGE
and 80 Hotels.

HAVAS

MONTE CARLO

Particulars from the Société des Bains de Mer. Service: S.P., Monte Carlo.

Volume CXXV:II No. 1667

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 2, 1932

THRILLS of the CIRCUS— BLONDINS OF 1932

The Wallendas, the "Live Wire" High-Wire Artists who Thrill London at the Annual Mills Circus at Olympia

For the twelfth year in succession London is enthralled over the Christmas holidays by the circus and fun fair at Olympia. In addition to several turns which are firmly established favourites, there are this year no fewer than sixteen acts never seen in this country before. Thousands of children visit the circus annually, while no fewer adults recapture the first fine careless rapture of their youth; in fact the circus has now ascended the throne which in pre-War years was filled by Drury Lane Pantomime. This year, among the newcomers, are Diaz de Velasco, who uses no bridle in his equestrian feats, and Cilly Feindt, a high school rider distinguished both for her skill and her beauty. The Wallendas head the list of old favourites, their high-wire performance providing one of the greatest thrills of the whole Circus

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London Ne

EROS RETURNS AFTER SEVEN YEARS: Gilbert's exquisite statue is now back in Piccadilly Circus on a slightly enlarged pedestal, and now forms a centre at once graceful and vital to the "Hub o' the Universe." By many the statue, originally designed for a fountain, is regarded as a mascot and the end of the depression that has made existence so difficult of late months, is foreseen now that Eros has returned to his pristine shrine

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 30, 1931.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.—

A happy New Year. Well, I can only say that I have opened quite a score of private envelopes containing this good wish from my friends and relations, and none felt it obligatory to put a couple of notes of interrogation after the pious wish. So why should I? Happiness (I am assured of it at last) comes and can come only from within. If money were everything, we might indeed look forward with gloom to 1932. But the truth is, a tightened (but not too tight) belt is the best specific for light-heartedness. I have not the smallest fear of poverty but I should dread genteel poverty. It is too often the worship of snobbish standards of living which attaches to comparative poverty a bitterness which should never belong to it. Great possessions are the most exacting of all tyrants. To be free from want is to be free, there is no higher form of freedom to be artificially obtained. And there is in truth a great deal of stimulating interest to be got out of making a couple of exiguous ends meet. A happy New Year is not an impossibility generally on the score of poverty. On the contrary, the air is sweeter and brisker than it has seemed for some years. For we have banished a great deal of fog of late. Sanity is in the air, and Hope, blushing and trembling, hesitates to knock on the door.

CHRISTMAS WORKERS.—

Now that the Christmas (? summer) holidays are over, at any rate for the workers, let us pay our tribute first to those for whom Christmas is anything but a time of rest and recreation—postal and railway workers, for instance, and shop assistants—and secondly to those who redouble their efforts at this season and voluntarily forgo a holiday which none would grudge them. Hats off to Messrs. Lens, Jacoby, Lightner—those 100 per cent. Americans—who throughout this world crisis of darkness and sorrow have been playing non-stop bridge, and providing New York with an edifying public spectacle. It was not their wish to take a day off business at Christmas. It was the sickly sentimentality of Mrs. Culbertson and the weakness of her spouse which surrendered to the claims of the nursery. The fact is, bridge and marriage are incompatible. Nor did the Japanese forces in Manchuria submit to the outworn convention of peace and goodwill on Christmas Day. They regarded the 25th as an ideal day for bloodshed. And the British Cabinet nowadays never sleeps. Its pillow is the stony excrescence called tariffs, and its waking dreams are of a Government policy. And finally a word about the Dole Commission. People have forgotten that devoted band of unadvertised bomb droppers. Their interim report, issued months ago, contributed largely to the Great Crisis. Who remembers that it was but an interim? Who realizes that that committee is still sitting at regular intervals and hopes about May next to issue its final bombshell?

1832—1932.—

The new year which has opened is not only a year of destiny but a year of estimation. The centenary of the Great Reform Bill is an apt occasion for looking back, for re-adjusting our standards, reconsidering our awards of merit and estimating progress. The year which saw the Great Reform Bill passed, saw also the first literary flights of Dickens, later incorporated in *Sketches by Boz* (1835). In the same year, Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton were trying their wings, and Disraeli's *Contarini Fleming* was launched on the reading public. We are justified this year, therefore in spilling a great quantity of ink in a political and literary review of the century which has passed. That there has been no parallel to the period 1832–1932 (unless the century which covered the European Renaissance), in the importance of the all-round advance in social progress and culture, in scientific invention and in brilliance, needs no pointing out. I shall not hurry to spill my gallon of ink. This is a review of sufficient importance to demand careful forethought and preparation. I shall merely toy with the skeleton at present.

HAS DEMOCRACY SUCCEEDED?—

The world did not come to an end when the Whigs passed Reform, nor (on the other hand) did the Millennium arrive. The Tory aristocracy expected to see its roof tumble about its ears, but that roof was still substantially protecting coronetted and tiara-ed heads eighty years afterwards. When the Whig nobility, most illogically, handed over to the middle class (whom they heartily despised) a share of their privileges in 1832, equality of opportunity and the ideals of Socialism did not arrive. Eighty years later, Mr. George and Mr. Keir Hardie were ranting as though aristocratic government had yielded not one inch of ground since the days of Elizabeth. And there was a good deal of colour for that opinion. It was not political reform indeed, but the industrial revolution brought about by machinery which wrought the great change and gave Democracy its chance. I think we can date the decline of Parliamentary prestige to that slowly-realized fact. Business and not politics grew to be the paramount factor by the middle of the century. This fact provides an interesting heading for a considered review. Democracy has arrived now. Has it succeeded? Some say it has utterly failed and is moribund already. Others, citing the National spirit in the present crisis, declare that it is beginning gloriously to prove itself. Here is another mighty heading for consideration.

MERIT IN LITERATURE.—

By a coincidence I have just read two long novels, one belonging to the beginning and one to the very end of our epoch 1832–1932. I finished (for the first time) Dickens' *Bleak House* and followed up with Kate O'Brien's *Without my Cloak*. I am not one of those who, like Mr. Harold Nicolson, are passionately anxious to press on the rising generation the high merit and importance of the literature of the post-War school — Lawrence, Huxley, Strachey, and so forth. I do not doubt the sincerity of the first two, but I question the importance of their pioneering except in so far that they are bringing about a premature and fierce reaction towards romanticism once more. As for Lytton Strachey, I prize and delight in his humour and beg leave to question his value as a biographist and historian. He contributes nothing to history which is not more clearly set out in the D.N.B., and in stressing the human frailties of his subjects, he divests himself of the biographist's most valuable weapon. Strong partisanship, even hero-worship, alone can make biography live as attract. To get a true picture of a gre man we must look at him through t eyes of his own generation and not posterity. But to return to my tw novels.

. . . . .

It took me a week to read *Blea House* in a determined spirit of syn pathy. Would it surprise the post-W school to learn that Dickens in his da was regarded as a *realist?* Havin finished *Bleak House*, I failed to di cover any one of those points of ou standing merit which go to the makin of an acknowledged classic. Ill co structed, grossly propagandist, morbid and slushily sentimental, priggish boring, diffuse, padded, unreal, I co ceded the one excuse that it is n regarded as one of the master's chi masterpieces. When I thought of a those charabanc tours whose *raiso d'être* is to visit the Dickens shrines Southern England, I fell to marvellin at our literary standards, and then recollected that the novel form is sti in its infancy. It is not 200 years ol Dickens had a chance (which he too full advantage of) denied to Galsworth Bennett and let us say Kate O'Brie He was one of a score; they are in crowd of thousands. Immortality literature—in the strict sense—has bee accorded to half-a-dozen. Immortali among novelists will surely rarely survi a hundred years. The novel (bein essentially humanity in costume) mu in time become dated. In the light the *Forsyte Saga*, the *Old Wives' Tal* and let us add *Without my Cloak*, th time has come now courageously resist the polite blackmail of traditio and a great name, and to readjust ou standards. Dickens has had his reig and another should occupy his nich Let us grant him the creation of one two masterpieces and dethrone the re of his classics to make room for othe of greater merit.

. . . . .

Indeed, it is our duty, if we wish keep evergreen the reputations of ou classic authors, from time to time revise the list of their "accepted masterpieces. The "weight of a name is often a weight which submerges i owner. That is why I detest pos humous publication of immature work and even collected editions. If Dicken is to live, his second-rate stuff must b rejected, and no longer rammed dow the throats of the fourth generation.

B.B.C. TENDENCIES.—

There are to be no more talks about books o the wireless in 1932. A cryptic an nouncement by the B.B.C. indicate that never more must Mr. Harol Nicolson actually mention by name work of (say) D.H. L-WR-NC- o ALDOUS H-XL-Y. He may (if h must) refer to "the tendency of certai post-War writers to stress the (may say?) S-xual urge in human nature But he had much, much better not refe to it at all. 10,000,000 listeners, to lazy to dig for themselves, too muc enslaved to convention to show th courage of their own convictions, cry ou for the name of a new book to whil away an hour of boredom, or to provid a high brow conversational gambi They ask the B.B.C. for bread, but th B.B.C., terrified of losing a percentag of its listeners, gives them a ston 2,000,000 homes in 1932 are to yaw over another series of elevating talks i vague terms. There was a time whe *Punch* was in danger of being engulfe in a national yawn. It became obsesse with that dread of shocking some virgi in a Kensington drawing room, or o wounding the susceptibilities of som Nonconformist moralist. But *Punch* pulled itself round, got back its courag and is now quite satisfactorily partisa in politics and broadminded in criticism No journal and no broadcasting cor poration can hope to survive on a polic of pleasing everybody. Every edito worth his salt is prepared to mak enemies among his readers even day. If he is an editor of experi ience, he knows that it is the critic

wsletter

of his paper, and not the silent fellowship, who increase his circulation. When recently I mentioned Mr. Sale's little masterpiece *The Specialist* (Putnam), as a book to buy and die laughing over, I received three examples of that polite blackmail with which readers delight to frighten the journals they patronize. Was I down-hearted? No, I was thankful to know I had made somebody sit up and take notice. Unless the B.B.C. revises its policy and mixes a little devil-may-care recklessness into its programmes in 1932, not all the detectors in the land will discover another half-million illicit listeners. In life, in letters, in art, business, politics, religion, everything, and especially to-day, you may be anything you choose except impartial and half-hearted, if you wish to succeed. You must be for Apollos or for Paul; you must call a spade a spade, not a "useful horticultural implement."

SWISHTAIL AND DOTHEBOYS.—Headmasters in conference are to me as a red rag to a bull. I bungled my Christmas preparations because my thoughts were a few miles away at bleak Charterhouse where those pundits—the schoolmaster journalists—were shocking each other and their public with paradox. After thirty-five years as an usher, Dr. Alington admitted that his boys had all been "dragged up" on no determined principle of any kind. (At a cost of about £300 a year a head). Dr. Norwood said that public school boys were physically C 3 when they left their private schools, were untrained in self control, and could use neither their hands nor their eyes. (Cost of private school education, with home farm, Nature study, physical training, carpenter's shop etc. about £250 a year). But when boys left Harrow they were 100 per cent. A 1 citizens, needless to say. Having thus poured oil on the ever stormy scholastic seas, the conference debated the question of curriculum and came to the conclusion that if only parents and the business community would mind their own business, headmasters could continue to turn out a constant supply of young hopefuls capable of writing home for money, reading Edgar Wallace, calculating the number of days remaining before the holidays, and even translating to young sisters the Latin mottoes on sundials. Which curriculum turns out adequate journalists. The debate continues.

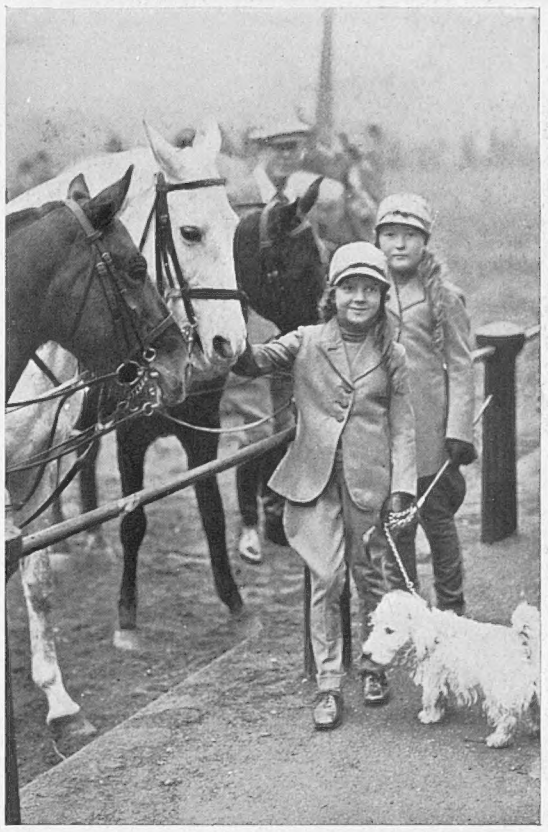
. . . .

Leaving the journalist-ushers facing one another round the table on bleak Charterhouse hill, I collected in fancy the bombs which I should like to hurl in their midst. To Dr. Alington I should like to say: If after thirty-five years of teaching you can only contribute to the debate a vague moan regarding the new fangled pronunciation of Latin, it is high time you quit teaching and took seriously to literature. And to Dr. Norwood: Your complaint that private schoolboys are sent out C 3 morally and physically suggests that no public school but Harrow will accept C 3 boys. And to the Conference generally: if the best you can do on the burning question of economy, is petulantly to waive the problem aside as irremediable, you had done better to keep silence. But perhaps the whole business was but a bit of honest, Christmas fooling to which headmasters are surely entitled.

TOURING INDIA.—That the Government does not despair of the Indian Empire and the Round Table Conference, is proved by the first published list of Peers, M.Ps. and Public Servants selected for a free trip (January 14) to India's coral strand. Three committees are made up already. Lords Lothian, Dufferin, and Hastings have received their tickets. Lord Eustace Percy, Mr. R. A. Butler, Sir E. Bennett, Major Milner, Miss Pickford, and Sir R. Hutchison go from the House of Commons. Mr. J. C. Davidson is leaving his arduous duties at the Duchy of Lancaster Office to bend his mind to this even stiffer problem, and several Treasury officials and ex-governors complete an ideal party for a winter tour under sunny skies. Their gain is our loss. All through the dark days of January, when income-tax and influenza depress our spirits and London wallows in slush and reeks with fog, we must carry on for them (at the Duchy of Lancaster Office and elsewhere), thinking of the warm welcome which awaits them in India and planning for them a still warmer welcome when they return in the Spring with their sheaves of new hope and fulfilment, bronzed, garlanded, and well.

THE OLD STAGER.

BOXING DAY ON THE RIVER: A little mistletoe adds to the gaiety of the Richmond Regatta held annually on the day after Christmas. The mild spell was welcomed by the fair competitors, hardy as they are



ROTTEN ROW OVER THE HOLIDAYS: The Misses Patricia and Daphne Calvert in Hyde Park. They attended their first hunt last Thursday, with the Old Berkeley

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS was well exemplified at Barts over the week-end, for a large tea-party to small out-patients was held, and Bertram, the famous clown, added to the delight. The variety in expression—from ecstatic pleasure to sheer amaze—is clearly to be seen, while the hospital staff enjoyed the fun as much as anyone

THE LAST MINUTE RUSH: A scene at Euston just before the final exodus, showing a double line of parcels for the North which extended the length of an entire platform and constituted a record for Christmas

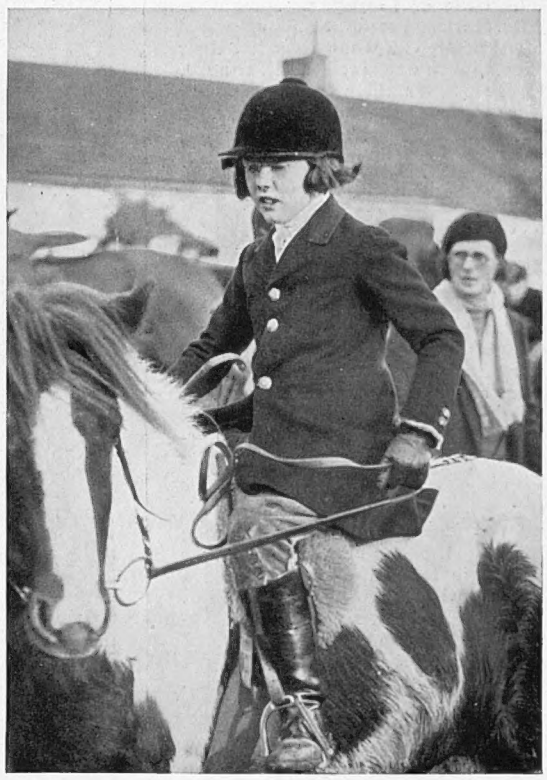
"WALK THIS WAY" to a toyshop was Miss Gracie Fields' motto in private life when she took a nephew shopping in the West End

HOME NEWS

A VICTIM OF THE STORM: The schooner *Volant* (210 tons), belonging to Annalong and bound from Liverpool to Kilkeel with a cargo of coal, was driven off her course and grounded near Newcastle off the coast of Co. Down. The skipper and the crew were rescued in an exhausted condition by breeches' buoy. The vessel is here seen after the rescue, a helpless victim to the fury of the elements

AN 800-YEAR-OLD-CUSTOM: The Overton Mummers, whose ancient play has been handed down from father to son through eight centuries, enact it in traditional costume while passing through Freefolk, Hants.

AN EMPTY SHELL: The Carlyon Bay Hotel, St. Austell, Cornwall, the newest and most luxurious hotel in the Duchy, was gutted by fire a few days ago. The damage is estimated at between £30,000 and £40,000. Some hundred odd guests, who were spending the Christmas holidays there, had to run for their lives when the fire broke out, including Mr. C. Te Water, High Commissioner for South Africa

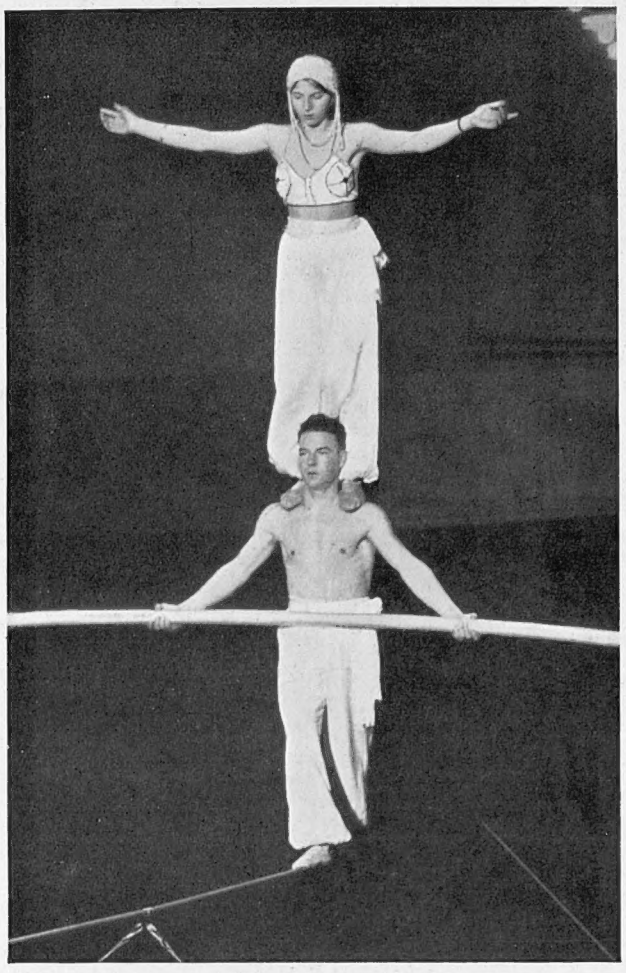


OF THE HOUSE OF DEVONSHIRE: Miss Carol MacMillan, grand-daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, mounted on her pony during the meet of the High Peak Harriers at Buxton

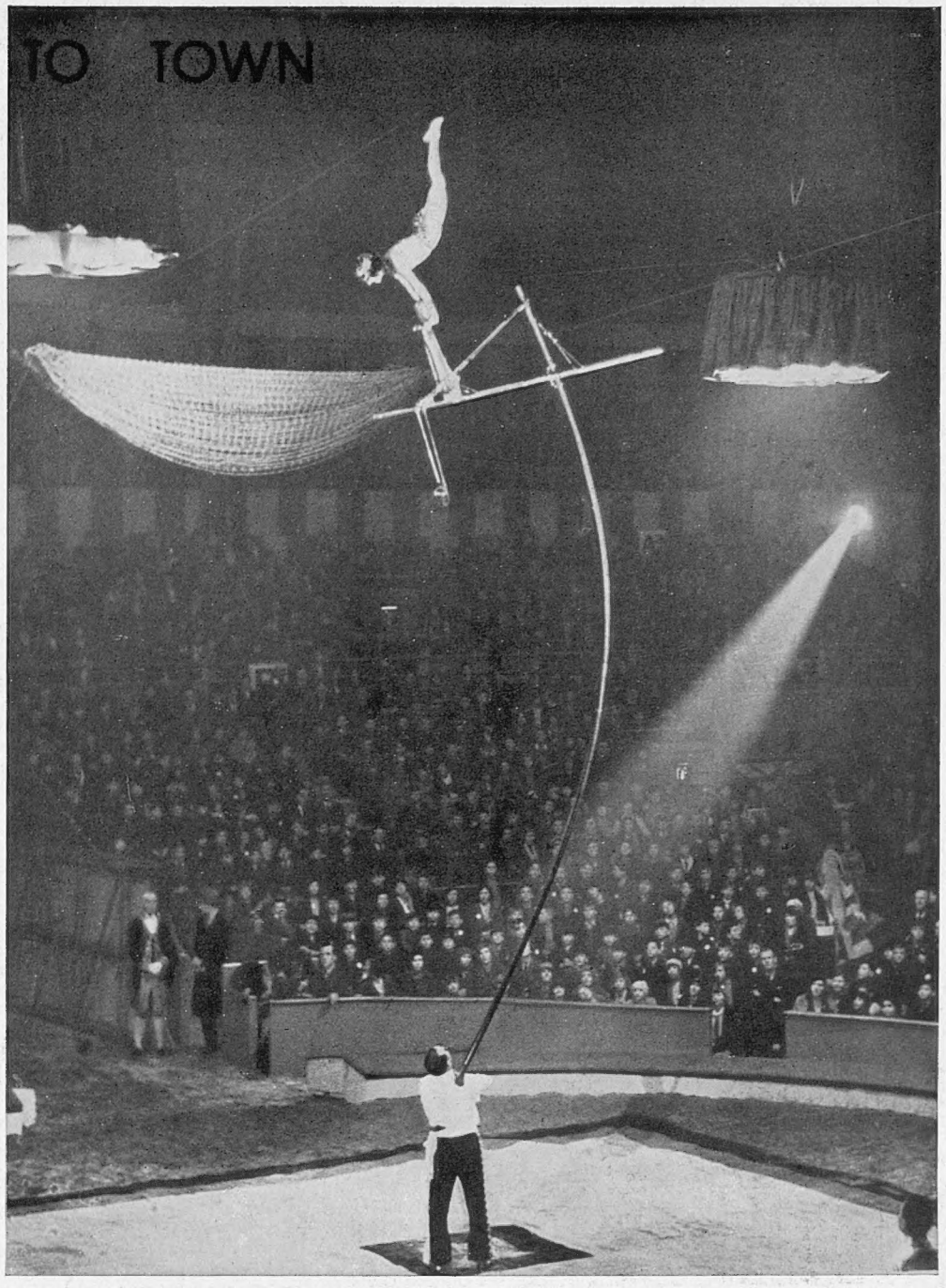
ON THE ENGLISH RIVIERA: A hundred and fifty members of the Torquay Leander Swimming Club indulged in their annual Boxing Day dip at Beacon Cove, Torquay, a few of whom are seen above. The mild spell that characterizes the British Christmas—sandwiched between two periods of definite cold—rendered such sports as bathing and rowing in regattas not only possible but also enjoyable

CHRISTMAS IN THE BAY OF BISCAY: Members of the First Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, with many other details, left England two days before Christmas aboard H.M.T. *Lancashire* for Foreign Service

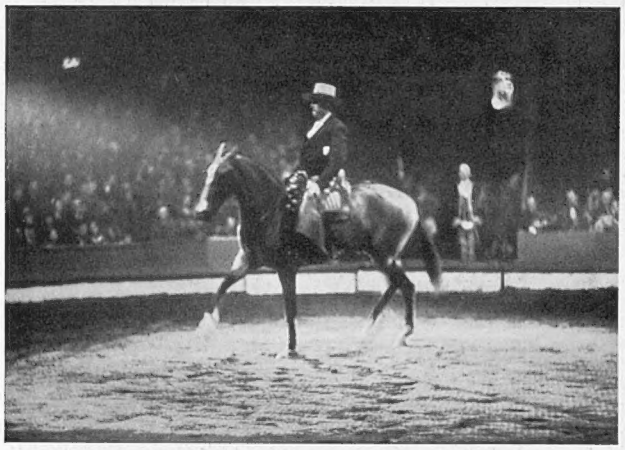
THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN



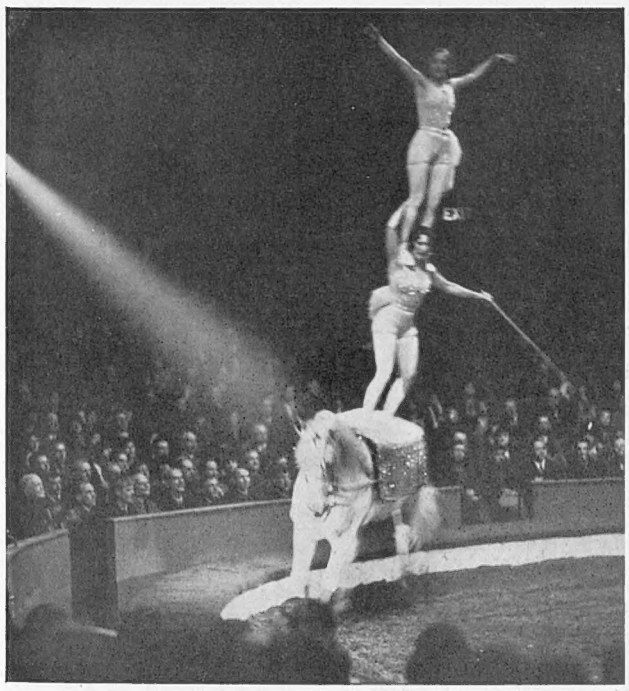
ON THE HIGH WIRE: A thrilling incident in the turn at the Crystal Palace Circus performed by the Stey family from Alsace Lorraine. Special care is taken in selecting items lest the desirable thrill degenerates into undesirable horror owing to the attendant danger



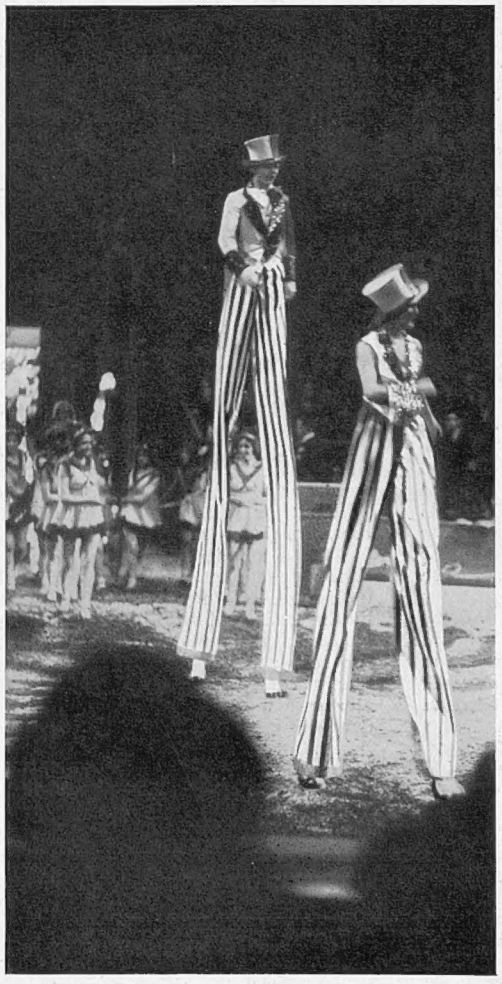
THE PERFECTION OF BALANCE: The Walkmirs in their perch act at Olympia. This couple shares a turn with the Olveras, who perform similar feats. This year is the first time these two acts have been seen in Britain. Of the twenty-three separate turns, no fewer than sixteen are making their British *débuts*. Among the "old-timers" are the Wallendas, the Sloans, and the Four Bronetts



UNIQUE IN THE WORLD: Julio Xifra Diaz de Velasco, the only High School rider who works without a bridle. Señor de Velasco is one of the sixteen new turns at Olympia who have never before been seen in this country



A NOTABLE SISTER ACT: The Mitzirose Sisters whose *pas-de-deux* on horseback is one of the great thrills of the 1931-2 circus season at Olympia. The difficulties of finding new attractions for the circus were described by Charles Graves in a recent issue of "The Sphere"



LOFTY ASPIRATIONS: Two of the famous Sloan family of stilt walkers, whose turn is an established and favourite feature of the circus. Their agility on their clumsy footwear is one of the most astonishing features of the Olympia circus

THE MEETING OF EXTREMES: The tallest and the shortest members of the circus troupe at Olympia —Jack Earl, the giant, who, aged 25, is 8 ft. 3 ins., and Lya Graf, the Lilliputian, who is, at the age of 23, only 1 ft. 9 in. tall

YESTERYEAR AT CANNES: *But this year the crowds are no more. The general atmosphere is one of longing for the reviled British tourist to return—and Cannes is the happiest of Riviera towns*

WHITE ELEPHANTIASIS: *A general impression of Monte Carlo. This paradise of gambling is now deadly, for, though every material appurtenance of gaiety is available, the people to employ them are absent*

ALL QUIET IN THE

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MONTE CARLO.

King Sol is having a very exclusive year. As he looks down on the Terrace here and upon the Croisette at Cannes I wonder what he thinks. "Where on earth are all those funny little things that used to come out this time each year? Hardly catch sight of one of them!"

A little more power, perhaps, to entice them out?

Alas, His Majesty finds it in vain. . . .

Oh! strange Riviera. Oh! odd coast. But for the ubiquitous and depressing white elephants of buildings, but for the monstrous ribbon development all along from Cannes to Menton, I had written I like it better than at any time since February of 1914. For here is peace again—that which the Riviera originally set out to purvey, with its sun. One can cross streets without being honked at, as a worm; I am told one can even go for walks in the hinterland again. Rest cure! Compared with other years not much stirs. One would say: "Here, again, is the place for small people who need the sun." Only, brutally, for the thought to be submerged. For whereas in the long ago of horse fiacres and picture hats, gold-on-the-tables and Russki excess, there was a delicious carefree abandon to the day and night, this Riviera of 1931–32 is quiet not by choice. It strains for you to "step out" as you've been doing all these years; it has all the apparatus ready; in the sequel the morale and temper of the natives provide no especially attractive accompaniment to a holiday. Relative calm may be here yet we are in another world from halcyon '14, a short-tempered, frustrated, nervous world. The peace is only external of Nature—there is no peace within.

Not that the same seasonal façade is not being attempted here as at Cannes, Nice, and elsewhere. It is; and the weird general scene should gain emphasis as a result as the calm weeks draw on. Opera, galas, battles of flowers, carnival, motor rallies, all the stock excuses for extracting extra cash are being staged as if the whole International company were assembling and, what is more, able and ready to spend! Yet it isn't as if we only were missing. This coast, which has been insanely over-developed and staffed in latter years—as if every year were to continue a freak post-War year—presupposes, for its success, cosmopolitan wealth.

Americans, British, Germans, Russians, Italians, Czechs, Poles, Dutch, Scandinavians, Spaniards, South Americans, Levantines, none of them are to-day in a position to lavish money upon anything. So they are all proportionately missing. No doubt presently *la Ville Narcissienne* will launch a "Français, visitez votre Côte d'Azur pendant qu'il n'y a pas d'étrangers" campaign, but the distressing point is that the French don't spend, except an ostentatious few who now, according to the arbiter of fashion, André de Fouquières, are practising "le snobisme de la purée." The Paris Press jibed about King George's wardrobe economizing, this Press being, as usual, in entire ignorance of the sacrifices made in certain quarters, but, alas! the thing has caught on in le monde où l'on s'amuse!

'Tis become fashionable not to spend—so many are suffering, perhaps that is part of it—nor all the Paris newspapers' efforts can coerce the people suspect of still having money, to throw it about. Hence *le snobisme de la purée*, which bodes no good for this coast where there are quite sufficient back-street purrers-in-the sun, as it is, without a sudden accretion of mingey, saving French responding to patriotic urging. Yet I would mention that general lack of funds and Buy British are not the only factors moulding this curious season. In some cases foreign nationals are deliberately avoiding France because they are fed up with her (or are openly hostile). In our own case I know that the 15 per cent. surtax *faux pas*, when we allowed the fallen franc to flood us and when we are but bringing our protective system abreast with one France has long wielded, has been for some in the nature of an ultimate straw. My hotel manager, to whom I spoke on these lines, said, "but, sir, they do not think politics on the Riviera!" Well, at all events, I shan't write anything more about them——

Whom did I see on the Terrace this morning? Now it is not fair to mention names indiscriminately in existing circumstances; the thing might be open to misconstruction. If people have long been genuinely warned against northern winters, if others have irretrievably dug themselves in economically on the coast, or if their coming provides employment for Britons (for instance, Grahame White in *Ethleen*), there are clearly mitigating circumstances in not obeying the symbolically unoccupied villa on Cape Ferrat. A few prominent people have homed to the South, including Eastern potentates, the only ones untouched by the crisis, and drifting royalty and nobility and their ladies, but at Monte Carlo, to all intents and purposes, the ball is being kept rolling by the hardy annual foreign residents; you have only to read the names at a gala dinner to see that. These are synthetically developing a mild seasonal "whoopee."

It is rather pathetic to walk abroad (pathetic? no, I can never associate that word with this sun spot—lowering). The window displays are as beautiful as ever, but scarce a buyer in sight. Staffs stand about idly at cafés and restaurants hoping against hope they may catch you, and that always depresses me. Chauffeurs hail you. Shutters are common; *à louer* everywhere. Station 'buses pass and repass with one or two inside. Hotel functionaries, waiters, the whole human apparatus has little or nothing to do. Unemployment is unmistakably writ. Monaco could be a heavenly tariffless islet these times but for the dynasty having tied it to France: the dynasty is not popular. Not since the Grimaldi took over have events touched this point.

"Monte Carlo," said a resident, "has been on the toboggan for some time. It is now on the Cresta."

"Understand me," he went on. "I am not referring to the amenities of life here. They remain, and will draw people put sun first, in the future as in the past. But you been in the Rooms?"

I said I proposed visiting presently that favo nook of mine, all Europe over.

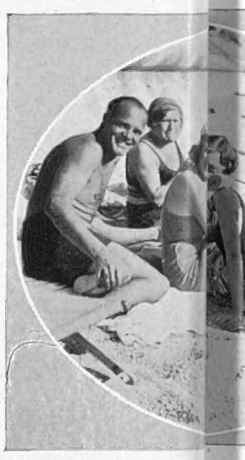
"The other night half-a-dozen tables were go surrounded chiefly by the usual old figure black, with systems, and at one of them the e alent of a tenner was staked the quarter of an h was there. They haven't gone in for decoys y Monte—unknown dagos and pretty ladies sup with chips by the management. Casino gamblin taking the count. It implies prosperity, and by time this returns the generation that will have rea roulette and chemi and baccarat years won't have use for them. It will have learnt to gamble on o more exciting things, as it is doing already."

"It will be the croupiers," added my friend macabre afterthought, "who'll be committing su next."

Last year the Society of Baths of the Sea adm a falling-off of some £80,000, but still put for profits round £500,000. It will be interesting to April's balance sheet for the year of crisis and sl I, for one, am not taking my friend's remarks literally. There's desperation in the air, financi and that is apt to send people to the tables as a last h also as a way out of embezzlement or other fra lent behaviour, which is wholesale on the Contine

But Monte Carlo's great boast to-day is the S ing Club. It is open. Alas, the tale is even sa Its backbone was British, and its famous names "spending the holiday at home." The thick pac of *mille* notes are all ready, but the crack of the is heard on the moor.

Menton, haven of retired, ultra-patriotic, and th fore absentee Britons, yields that with w one can most readily sympathise on the current Riv British subjects, who have earned their living faced by a blank season. It is idle for them to t of going home. Where? And what to do? fears that as some are unable to meet this and contingency, they may be incommoded by the lo the land who are developing out-with-the-fore symptoms on the *bouches inutiles* principle of d days. Scores of Menton devotees, taken bef patriotism and inability to pay the one-third which, cut and dried, the depreciated pound m have written their regrets, many with Devon Cornwall postmarks. The locals have acquired and laugh at Sidmouth and Torquay. "But it a rains there!" They overlook the fact that "por monia" could be a good telegraphic address for of this coast at certain times of the year. Also th can be vile for nerves and throats. But what vexes most about these natives is that even now prices have, in some cases, gone up! They are incorrigible. It isn't sufficient that the rare British visitor must add one-third to the customary cost of his holiday. I pay 6d. for my *Telegraph*, and a whisky and soda last night cost me three-and-sixpence. The sooner it is realized that English people will never be able to pay more, in their own sterling, than they have done in the past, the better chance there should be for future winter seasons. At present such realization is wholly deficient; they still act as if we had the



THE SUN *is the o Those who are may still*

MENTON, THE STRONGHOLD OF ABS *The absentee Britons are now ab*

SUN: A First-Hand Narrative from the Deserted Riviera

Who Has Just Returned from the South with Real News in His Pocket

wealth of the Indies up our sleeves. I am aware that some hotels have reduced by ten per cent., but only if you guarantee to anchor yourself till April's here; while as for that other lure, the promise of hotel proprietors that they will invest their profits in the United Kingdom, guests would have to be allowed over the books, and to nominate an investment sub-committee.

The truth is France is frightfully dear now for us. On the way down (I saw two GB cars) it hits you. If you get out of a very ordinary lunch or dinner for seven shillings you are lucky, and rooms in unstarred hotels, plus this and that, set you back a further like amount. Incidentally, we are curiosities on the road these times and might well be given medals. Because, when we stop we are usually commiserated with. Nor are the French able to comprehend one bit when we say such things as, "Oh, the pound . . . I'd forgotten about it . . . what is it now?" They think that's put on. When the franc depreciated, the greeting among Frenchmen for long used to be, "*Et le dernier cours?*" While on the subject of finance, let me seek to finish with it——

I have tried to calculate, very roughly, how much the missing British may have spent. It seems they averaged in number in the region of 20,000 each year along the seventy-mile strip between St. Raphael and Menton—that is, 20,000 British visitors all told throughout the season. What, in bulk, may they have left behind annually? Impossible computation. Hotel prices are only just part of it, and the lesser. Apart from the tables, which must remain a closed book, think alone of the entertaining. And then of the villa life, the luxury buying, the taxes, the tips, the daily necessities, the gowns, the distractions, the jewellery, the flowers, the patisserie gorging, the permanent waving, the cocktails, the presents, the cars, the incessant *va-et-vient*. If each left but £50 on the coast—and many left that each day—we should arrive at a round million sterling. One suspects the figure to be far higher because we were the mainstays, twice, thrice over, since the War, and how should three departments of France talk about possible inability to meet taxation, as they are doing, on account of a million sterling?

In point of fact, the Riviera has taken the knock every way. Two of its prime industries are cut flowers and perfumes, and Mr. Runciman has already come down wallop on both. We took £200,000 worth of flowers each year, notably around this time.

Nice is the fourth town of France, with a population of 213,000. There are industries, including oil, wine, flowers, scent, crystallized fruit, tangerines, but dominating everything is the tourist and the building for him. Nice is the complete courtesan town. It talks about itself, preens itself, rises from the summer siesta and makes itself up, just like the lethargic lady of pleasure whose job in life is to attract sensuously.

e Riviera that still attracts. quietly and economically re of the South

Nice is hit in the solar plexus. Its Promenade des Anglais should for the moment at all events be rechristened "des Niçois," in which is included the heterogeneous foreign medley washed up here from many lands and for so many reasons (6,000 Russians for example). What a population. Plain and unattractive, and, as usual, with cross breeds, betraying an assorted selection of limitations. Still, this city must live. Just now it is languishing in semi-bankruptcy. The old story. Vast expenditure undertaken, mortgaged on the morrow which would be ever more brilliant.

S TONS *has suffered severely owing to the fall of the pound. on and are living more cheaply at home*

Heaven knows how much was recently spent on widening the front to permit of motors passing four or five abreast. "Who wanted to widen the front?" say the local English. "Why didn't they clean the sea, the Baie des Anges, and let us bathe? 'The Baie des Vidanges,' we call it." The answer, I am told, is to be found in the American term "rake off." Everybody looks to a rake off in the sun, and so there has been the non-stop and freely superfluous development and embellishment. There are, it appears, 7,000 or 8,000 empty villas on the coast. A good number must be in or about Nice only half or a third of which looks to be occupied. Italian labour was so cheap, and building material to be had in the back garden, as it were, so that the temptation to build, in order to attract the finance for building, was irresistible. The greatest oncoming handicap to the Riviera is this structural white elephantiasis, to be encountered on all sides.

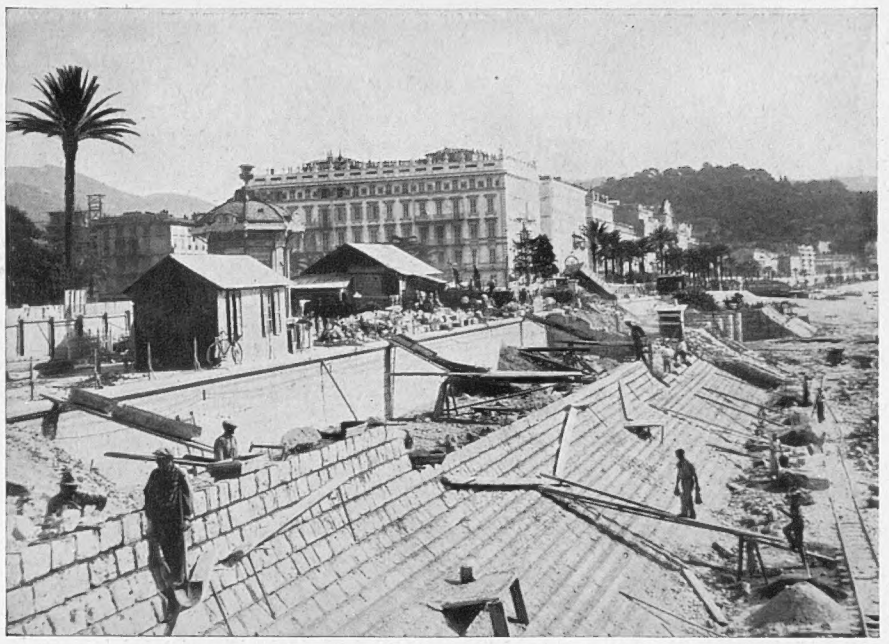
Nice has long been the hub of the non-spending, more dug-in variety of visitor, living *en pension*. Save for shopping and occasional parties, it has been largely eschewed by its more fashionable neighbours. A super-casino, the last thing in gaudy splendour but so immense that 200 supers would need to keep perambulating the premises to take the chill off, was lately built to counter matters. Well, there it stands. You may believe, or not, the tales of its gambling. At which places dummy stakers are operating it is not for me to say, but it does seem as if dummy celebrities may soon have to be introduced on the fashionable promenades. For years past Nice has retained vigorous men and maidens to shiver in the sun—some even in the sea—for the press photographers. So why not carry the practice a stage further?

I am sure the gigolos and hotel rats out of jobs, not to mention the flash damozel dupes and decoys, that pleasant Riviera underworld of dope peddlers and blackmailers and what not, would simply leap at the chance of representing milords and miladies. And so the spoof could be sustained, whereas, in actual fact, about the only prominent Britons the Riviera looks like welcoming this winter will trip ashore for an hour or two from British cruising liners. It was a good idea, that way of buying British. The sterling value of Egypt, also, is draining the regular British Riviera clientele.

I was only briefly in Nice, and as it was raining and cold I took a Turkish bath. As an indication of prices it cost me 8s., double Northumberland Avenue. Nothing has come down that I saw anywhere. The same taxes are in force on the strength of which that vulgar, played-out inanity, Carnival, will once again be staged; though I fail to see, in view of the flower embargo, why the streets should not lie thick with carnations and violets and roses in the battle of flowers, if anyone likes to see flowers trodden on.

In passing, this coast may be none too safe a place this winter, with no money passing and a big army of workless. In the region of 30,000 seek seasonal work here from various parts of France, and there is no prospect of anything like that number finding jobs.

I stepped off at Cagnes, the painting place, to see a friend. This rough hill settlement used to be frequented chiefly by artistic remittance people of both sexes and usually in pawn—that is, watched by the inhabitants, their creditors, lest they should attempt to make a move. At Cagnes now—gloom. The remittances, mainly British, American, and Scandinavian,



ENLARGED PREMISES BUT DIMINISHED CLIENTELE *is the unhappy epitaph of this season at Nice, whose super-casino and widened promenade merely enhance the deserted air that broods over the fourth town in France*

THE YACHTS AT CANNES *that used to throng the harbour are either out of commission, for hire, or totally absent, lying up in Southampton Water or the Clyde. Mr. Tuohy acidly comments that the Blue Train must have the Blues!*

having perforce stopped in many cases, their erstwhile haphazard recipients are now back in Bloomsbury or Greenwich Village or Oslo. Some did contrive to make illegal getaways, including an American, who nailed his trunk to the floor and progressively removed its contents in small packages to a friend's. Each day the pension people duly tried to lift the trunk, and said, "still full—ça va!"

And so to Cannes, which is empty, relatively, but there is something cosy about the place which now stands it in good stead when a certain void must not be too conspicuous. One has, however, only to stroll along by the yachts, the majority of which are either out of commission, or for hire, or for sale, or—the Irishism is permissible—not present. There are yachts which have braved the mistral year after year in port here, and which are now on the Clyde or in Southampton Water. Out of curiosity I watched the arrival of the Blue Train. Seven people alighted, including two of ours. Porters dived for their kit; outside, the little troupe of diehards passed through a swarm of plaintive hotel porters and touts, on the way to their 'buses. I recalled this same station in other years, at this time. Poor Blue Train; its personnel must be catching the colour.

The principal social event of the season so far has been the luncheon Mr. Wells gave Mr. Henderson. The former seldom ventures down from his eyrie above Grasse. For a long time he managed to keep its precise whereabouts secret from all save the postman and a privileged few. When others wished to see him, and he felt constrained to grant audience, he was wont to make rendezvous in a Grasse café. Wells works up in that mountain air and scorns the goings-on down here below (see Clissold).

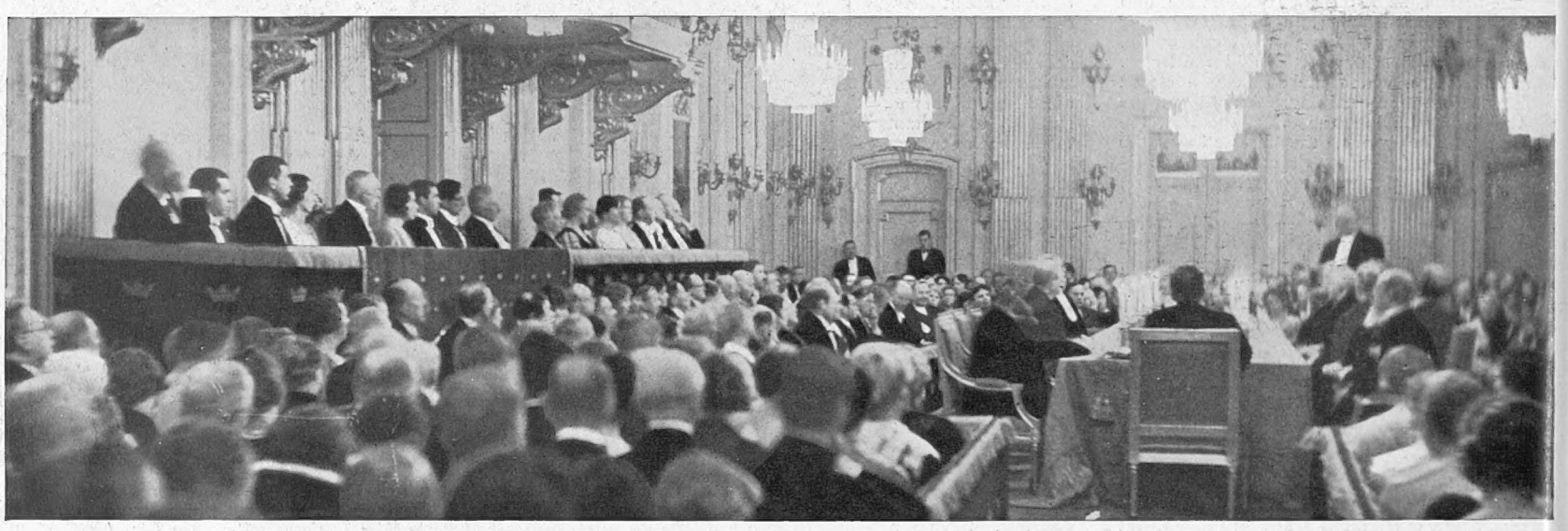
The dematerialized Anglais naturally contribute the dominant topic among the Cannois, who put well-nigh miraculous hopes in the recovery of sterling. Perhaps as the natives daily behold haunts which used to be filled with the English they may learn to value the absent ones a little more. Indeed, the Riviera's present experience should have salutary effect generally; and there was room for some slight penance. Cannes should realize, for instance, what a tremendous draw our tennis stars were. It will be an empty firmament this season, sans Betty, sans Eileen, and the ladies on the courts were a particular glory.

(*Continued on p. 34*)

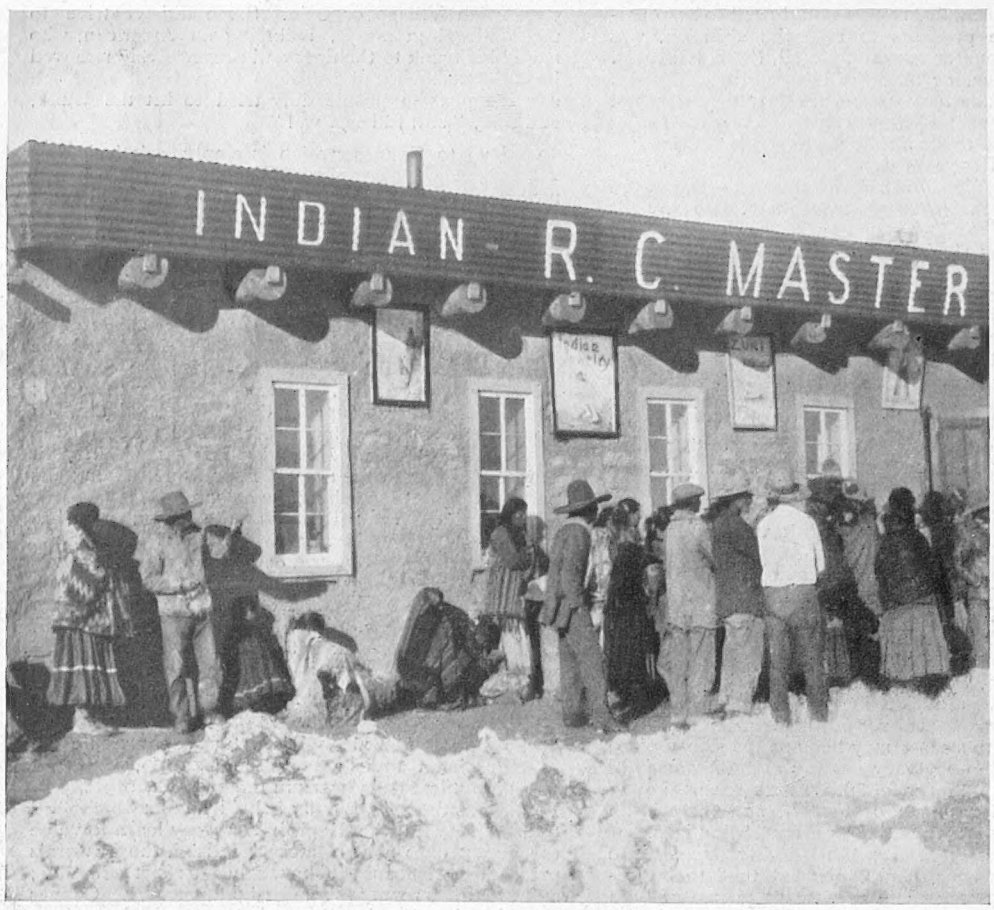
FROM THE WIDE WORLD

A PROPHET HONOURED IN HIS OWN EMPIRE, IF NOT IN HIS OWN COUNTRY! Mr. Lloyd George garlanded on his arrival in Colombo, Ceylon, aboard the P. and O. liner *Cormorin*. The veteran statesman is seen above with Dame Margaret Lloyd George, Miss Megan Lloyd George, and Mr. A. F. Molamure, Speaker of the Ceylon State Council

A PINCHBECK SETTING FOR DIAMOND'S END: The sordid house in Albany, New York State, where the notorious gangster, Jack Diamond, fell to his enemies at the fatal third attempt made against him



THE SWEDISH ACADEMY FESTIVAL: The great function held on December 20 in Stockholm on the occasion of the election of two new members to the Swedish Academy replacing two who have recently died. The number in the Academy (which confers the Nobel prizes) is maintained at eighteen. Members of the royal family of Sweden are seen on the left, while other distinguished guests are in the foreground



VICTIMS OF THE SNOW: A scene in Zuni, New Mexico, whither some of the Navajo Indians, stranded by snow drifts, made their way. They lined up to receive food at the local trading store. The zero weather, combined with lack of food, shelter, and proper clothes, brought privation to all for some days, and death to a few

A GOLDEN WEDDING IN THE ARCTIC: An old couple of Eskimos celebrate their golden wedding by indu'ging in a *koony* or kiss, the equivalent of which among the Eskimos is the rubbing of noses

LONDON through the LENS

LONDON'S LITTLEST BRIDESMAID: Miss Susan Hornby who, at the ripe age of two, attended Lady Veronica Blackwood, the daughter of the late Marquess and Brenda, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, when she married Mr. Hornby

TAKING ROUND THE HAT! Students of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, leave for the Christmas vacation. Each boy was given the money for his fare, the coins being laid on the boy's flat nautical cap

PROTECTION: Owing to the inroads of heavy frost and the threat of snow, greyhound tracks—which are of grass—are being covered with heavy straw mats after every meeting. This picture shows the procedure at Clapton race track

DOOMED: Shepherd Market, the old village in Mayfair, is to be demolished. Until Mr. Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" drew the attention of the Smart Set to it, Shepherd Market lived a life of its own, unknown to its aristocratic neighbours

THE TINY TOTS' CABARET: A remarkable show has just been held at the Piccadilly Hotel, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. The youngest member of the cast is only four, and the little policeman (Miss Pamela Crouchen), doing the splits above, is only five

"CHARLES VII" BY JEAN FOUQUET: This portrait of the Joan of Arc period is an absolutely French masterpiece

"GIRL WITH A DOG," BY GREUZE: The idealistic treatment for which this artist is famed is clearly evident in this canvas

"FRANCIS I," BY CLOUET: This portrait shows a definite foreshadowing of the School of French Realism

"MAN WITH A BIG NOSE": This is a fifteenth century painting which recalls the linear clarity of Holbein

FRENCH ART *in* LONDON

A Pre-view, Literary and Pictorial, of the Great Exhibition of French Pictures, from 1400-1900, which Opens this Week at Burlington House, and Follows the Flemish, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, and Persian Exhibitions that have Rejoiced Artistic England

By R. H. WILENSKI

The Exhibition of French Art at Burlington House is likely, I fancy, to prove a great success. It has, as the phrase goes, something for everybody. There are "Primitives" for the archæologist, classical pictures for the "high-brow," Post-Impressionist pictures for the "moderns," and simple unpretentious pictures for the man in the street. Also there are *objets d'art* for lovers of fine craftsmanship—ivories, enamels, and fine tapestries—and sculpture by Houdon and by Barye, whose bronze "Jaguar" must certainly not be missed.

It is sometimes suggested that French art did not really begin before the time of Claude and Poussin—that is, the middle of the seventeeth century. It is admitted that many admirable pictures were painted in France before that date, but it is pointed out that most of the early works were produced by Flemings on the one hand or by Italians on the other; and that when the artists were not actually born in the Low Countries (as was the case with the Renaissance portrait painters, Jean Clouet and Corneille de Lyons) or born in Italy (as was the case with Primaticcio and Rosso who founded the Fontainebleau School) they were generally influenced by Flemish and Italian art; and that sometimes we get both influences in one and the same picture as in the great altarpiece by the "Maître de Moulins," which is a feature of the "Primitive" section of the show.

But if we pursue this argument we find that both Claude and Poussin spent all their days in Rome, and that their classical style was in essence Italian and not French; that Le Brun who controlled all the decorations at Versailles had developed his style in Italy, and was, moreover, a pupil of Vouet, who had studied the Venetians.

Where then *does* French art begin? With Watteau? But Watteau was a Fleming; his parents were Flemish, and Valenciennes, his birthplace, became French only six years before he was born. In his lifetime he was always known as a *peintre flamand;* and the French are lucky that the Belgians do not claim him as their own.

This brings us to the second quarter of the eighteenth century, and makes François Boucher the beginning of French art. But Boucher went to Italy and studied Tiepolo, and his first important picture contained whole passages from works by Titian that are now at Bridgewater House. Well then, shall we say it began with Fragonard? Alas, we have the story once again. Fragonard worked in his youth in Italy, living in the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, and later he was influenced by Rembrandt, whose works he encountered on visits to German collectors and possibly to Holland. Chardin also is ruled out as the beginning of French art because he was trained by a master who was so devoted to Rembrandt that the studio was entirely decorated with his etchings.

This brings us to the Revolution, and still French art has not appeared; and no one, I assume, will claim that the work of Louis David, who esteemed it his mission to revive the arts of ancient Greece and Rome, was a product specifically French. David died in 1825, and if we are to pursue this argument we shall find that French art had still not begun by 1840. For Delacroix set out deliberately to continue the tradition of Tintoretto and Rubens, and Ingres, who lived much of his life in Rome, believed himself the heir of Raphael and Bronzino.

But here, I fancy, even the most rigid Nationalist will break down. For we have now reached the age of Corot and the Impressionists, and the masters who followed them, Seurat and Cézanne. Here at any rate we have no foreign influences, though Corot went not once to Italy but twice, and stayed on one occasion for three years.

French art thus considered begins therefore about 1850, that is eighty years ago; it is junior even to the art of England, which began with Hogarth more than two centuries ago.

But all this, of course, is really quite absurd. The more we study the history of French painting the more we realize that all the painters who worked in France had in their painting a common denominator that was French—or rather one of two or three common denominators, because the French genius is composed of several strands. There is something absolutely French about Jean Fouquet's "Portrait of Charles VII"—who (if we are to credit Mr. Shaw) was "Charlie" to Jeanne d'Arc—though it is possible the artist had already been to Italy when he painted it; and the same is true of the Virgin in Charenton's "Coronation of the Virgin" which was painted in 1453. When we get to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the French baroque and the French genre styles are distinctly national, so that we can easily distinguish them from Italian paintings on the one hand and the paintings of the Low Countries on the other. In the pictures by Claude and Poussin there is a "sweet reasonableness" and a calm restraint that we find in the pictures of no other land. Or take "The New-Born" by Georges Dumesnil de Latour, who worked in the middle of the seventeenth century and was obviously influenced by the candle-light pictures of the Dutch School. No student could mistake this for the work of a Dutch artist; and all who have lived in the French provinces, where we find the soul of France, will know what I mean when I say that the spirit of the picture is absolutely French.

The same is true of a masterpiece like Chardin's "The Scullery Maid," and indeed of every picture which Chardin painted. Chardin was born in Paris and lived there all his life. But I always feel that his art is not Parisian but provincial, that he represents the French *bourgeois* spirit of the hundreds of little towns all over France. Chardin's work is urban; there is no fresh air in the rooms he painted, there are hardly any windows, and he never gives us a glimpse through a window on to a stretch of countryside or garden: he never felt the need to

"MADAME BOUCHER," BY BOUCHER: This artist's feeling for luxury and style in interior decoration is blent with his Parisian technique in this canvas

"THE NEW-BORN," BY GEORGES DE LATOUR (DU MESNIL): A treatment, unusually definite for Gallic art, recalling the candle-lit pictures of the Dutch

paint a tree; but all the same he was not what we mean by the word Parisian; he was a *bon petit bourgeois de province.*

The Parisians of the eighteenth century are Watteau on the one side of Chardin, and Boucher and Fragonard on the other. Watteau, indeed, was the creator of Parisian art: in "La Finette" in the Exhibition we meet the first Parisienne—dignified and dainty at one and the same time and always ready to amuse the company, as we see in the "Fêtes Venitiennes," which is also in the Exhibition.

Boucher was Parisian in a rather different way. He represents the Parisian's feeling for luxury and style in interior decoration, the Parisian's desire to be surrounded by objects rendered pleasing by a craftsman's skill. But he, too, could paint a Parisienne, as we see in his portrait of "Madame Boucher," which M. David Weill has lent us from his magnificent collection of eighteenth-century pictures.

David himself, the austere terrible David, who insisted that all lightness of touch and spontaneity must be rigidly excluded from the painter's craft—even David, when he let himself go as in the sketch called "Head of a Girl," which Sir Philip Sassoon has lent to the Exhibition, reveals his nationality and shows a lightness in the handling which contradicts the principles that he proclaimed.

What exactly are the strands in French art that make up this distinctive quality which it is easy to recognize but so hard to define?

Perhaps we can find the answer if we look at an Impressionist picture like "The Folies Bergères Bar," by Manet, which was finished in 1882, the year before the artist's death. Here we have a subject that in itself is characteristic. The French, as all the world knows, are a logical, intelligent, quite unsentimental people who can produce calm, classical pictures when they choose. Their

artists have always been able, on occasion, to create an ideal world that we can accept as coherent and convincing in itself. But they have also another characteristic—they are not and they never have been in the least afraid of life. They have never evaded contact with actuality. They have always had artists who recorded daily life. Half a century before Frith painted his "Derby Day," the French painter Boilly had produced "The Arrival of the Diligence" (where the husband alights from his coach and kisses his wife while the nurse blows the noses of his children to prepare them for their turn), and other pictures showing people playing chess in a café, and acrobats performing to a crowd in a Parisian street. All the impressionists painted gatherings of the people in public places—Degas painted the theatre, Renoir the public dance halls and a restaurant on the river, and Manet the "Concert in the Tuileries Gardens," and this great picture which Mr. Samuel Courtauld has lent to the Exhibition—"The Folies Bergères Bar."

But the treatment of such subjects by the French Impressionists had a character of its own, and Manet and Renoir—and Degas to a great extent—looked on these scenes as material from which they could extract æsthetic experience for a picture. If an English artist were to say that he frequents music-hall bars in search of æsthetic

"THE CONCERT SINGERS," BY ANTOINE LE NAIN: This early French painter shows the distinct Flamand influence exerted on early French art

"THE FOLIES BERGÈRES BAR," BY MANET: The Realist and Impressionist are seen in unusual harmony in this masterpiece of the eighteen eighties

experience he would be described as a "high-brow" and regarded as probably a fraud. But Manet in so doing was acting quite simply and sincerely. He belonged to a period when Realism was much talked of by artists and men of letters. He was on terms of intimacy with Zola. His creed as an artist had two simple articles—(a) *that the artist's business is to experience the æsthetic significance of shapes and colours and to convey that significance in paint, and* (b) *that the material for this purpose lies always at the artist's door.* Manet and his Impressionist colleagues exploited this doctrine in a hundred ways; and as a result they painted such æsthetically delightful pictures that they will live and be treasured when the "Moulin de la Galette" is forgotten and the "Folies Bergères" is merely a name.

It is for this reason that Gauguin, the Post-Impressionist, always strikes me as a painter who is not characteristically French. Gauguin refused to accept his surroundings. He said that Parisian civilization, French civilization, and European civilization were degenerate, and that no European artist could extract material from the wreck. He could not accept life as he found it in his environment; he fled from it—to the South Sea Islands and sought sustenance for his decorative instincts there. This gesture was exceedingly un-French. The Englishman is naturally a traveller, the Frenchman is not. France geographically is an exceptionally varied country—providing a thousand aspects to the artist who can use his eyes. Climatically, it is equally varied. If an artist likes the sun, he can go to the Midi; elsewhere he can climb rocks or stagger about in sand under pine trees, or he can remain in the North and shiver in the rain.

The French are not travellers because their own land contains everything that is tolerable in Europe, and—a a detail which we are apt to forget—it is not small but, compared with England, definitely large. Gauguin knew both the North and the South of his own country, Paris and the Provinces; but he was blind to their possibilities for artistic inspiration; when he went to Tahiti in 1891 he was false to the natural artistic attitude of his own age. In the seventeenth century French artists who had not yet discovered their own country still went naturally to Rome; but Gauguin must have known that since 1860 no French painter had found it necessary to abandon France. But then, of course, Gauguin was only half a Frenchman. He had a Creole mother and he spent his childhood in Peru. There seems no doubt that he really had exotic tastes; that he was really obeying some call of the blood when he abandoned Paris for Tahiti.

The Exhibition contains three important examples of Gauguin's art. The first, called "Ave Maria," is a magnificent composition painted on his first visit to Tahiti. This is lent by Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, whose collection of modern French pictures in New York is one of the finest in the world. The other pictures, "La Case" (also called "Te Reriva") and "Nevermore," are lent by Mr. Samuel Courtauld. Both Mr. Courtauld's pictures were painted on Gauguin's second visit to Tahiti. The figures are more substantially modelled than in the earlier and more decorative composition, and they contain an element of mumbo-jumbo that detracts, in my judgment, from the force of their appeal. "Nevermore," nevertheless, is a haunting painting in spite of the silly raven on the window sill, which accounts for the picture's title (written incidentally, in English, on the wall).

The most recent section of the Exhibition contains admirable works by Cézanne and Seurat, who rank as the founders of the modern Cubist-Classical Renaissance. Cézanne is seen at the height of his powers in the splendid landscapes, "The Lake of Annecy" and "Mount Sainte Victoire" (which we owe once again to the generosity of Mr. Courtauld), and in "The Boy with the Red Waistcoat," one of the finest of the portrait studies which is lent by Dr. Reber of Lausanne. Seurat is best represented by "The Woman with the Powder Puff," a monumental interpretation of a homely scene; but he is also seen in one of the innumerable preliminary sketches which he made for his masterpiece (now in Chicago) called "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of the Grande Jatte in Summer." Seurat was an immensely laborious and conscientious artist; he painted the whole surface of his pictures in tiny gradated dots of colour which harmonize to the required ensemble when the picture is seen at a certain distance.

I confess to a great admiration for the works of this artist, who brought painting back to the severest standards of the classical tradition after the sporadic alarms and excursions of the nineteenth century Romantic School. But Seurat died, largely from overwork, at the age of thirty-one; he produced relatively few pictures, and it may be that had he lived longer he would have attained to still greater powers. But even so his reputation, I fancy, will continuously increase; and he must certainly be ranked as a typical example of the French genius in painting which seems so often to be able to arrive at æsthetic concepts by means of material that comes naturally to hand.

M. Paul Jamot, one of the distinguished curators of the Louvre, who has played a great part in arranging the Exhibition, stated in a recent speech that there was an underlying femininity in French art. It is difficult for a foreigner to know what precise meaning M. Jamot attaches to the idea of femininity in art. The French artists undoubtedly are responsible for a concept of woman which is very agreeable to the male mind, as well as being very attractive to the male eye which beholds it in their pictures. Watteau, as I have observed above, invented *la parisienne*, and Fragonard at a certain period in his painting invented *la petite femme*, who was much more animated and frisky.

On the other hand, it has always been claimed that there is a classical intellectual fundament to French art, and M. Jamot himself has made the same claim in another place. Are we, I wonder, to understand that the quiet reasonableness which we encounter in French classical pictures is what M. Jamot understands by its femininity?

There can be no doubt that many people (especially many women) are disposed to-day to regard women as the reasonable sex and men as the more impulsive. The old concept of woman as a porcelain ornament or a frisking kitten has now given place in the minds of many people (especially many women) to a concept of men as well-meaning, physically brave, and sentimental creatures who blunder impulsively through life because they lack the logical balance and patient industry of women, who have always secretly used their abilities to correct the errors of their menfolk.

It may be that M. Jamot regards Poussin and Seurat as typically feminine minds (as so many women now doubtless regard them). If this indeed is his case I confess that personally I find it very difficult to endorse it. For my own part, speaking with due deference as a foreigner, I should have come in fact to a directly opposite conclusion.

I submit that there is also a definite masculinity in the work of the French genre masters—Louis Le Nain, for example, and Chardin himself. All Chardin's genre pictures represent women and children in their homes; they express the point of view of an affectionate but, as I see it, essentially masculine spectator. No interior by Chardin suggests a home that is properly looked after from the point of view of a competent housekeeper. The rooms, as I observed above, are stuffy; they are also dusty; the brass vessels in the kitchen have become dull and they stand about in disorder (because their positions are dictated by the composition of the picture).

The feminine point of view in such interiors is seen in the pictures by the Dutch painters, Terborch and Metsu, where every room is spick-and-span as a good housewife would like it to appear to a distinguished visitor; and all the women's clothes reflect great credit on the person who made them, whether the wearer herself, or if the interior is more pretentious the fashionable dressmaker in the next street.

"THE DUCHESS ANNE OF FRANCE," BY THE MAITRE DE MOULINS: This comes from a triptych in the Cathedral of Moulins

"LOUISE DE LORRAINE": An exquisite example of fifteenth-century portraiture by an unknown artist

"MADAME SALLE," BY TOCQUE: The delicacy of the immediately pre-Revolution period is here classically displayed

"ST. VICTOR WITH A DONOR," BY THE MAITRE DE MOULINS: A typical example of the ecclesiastical art of France

PROVINCIAL ENGLAND

CHANGES IN AN ANCIENT YORKSHIRE TOWN: A view of Richmond, showing the Swale and Billybanks Woods on the right and the Castle Keep in the background. Road-widening and tree-felling are now altering the aspect of this West Riding area

THE FIRST LAMBS OF THE SEASON: Black-faced parents exhibit anxiety as to their new-born in the bitter cold of winter—a view from Farmsfield Farm, Notts. The lambing season normally begins in February

HOPE IN THE FOREST OF DEAN: A finely equipped new pit is being started to develop the rich Bowsan seam of coal, and a pit, disused for forty years, is also being put in order—a scheme due to the enterprise of Mr. Arthur Morgan, of Cinderford

A NEW FEMININE INVASION: Miss K. Turner, of Hertfordshire, who is believed to be the only woman gravel-digger in the country. She works eight hours a day side by side with men, and has done so for the past four years

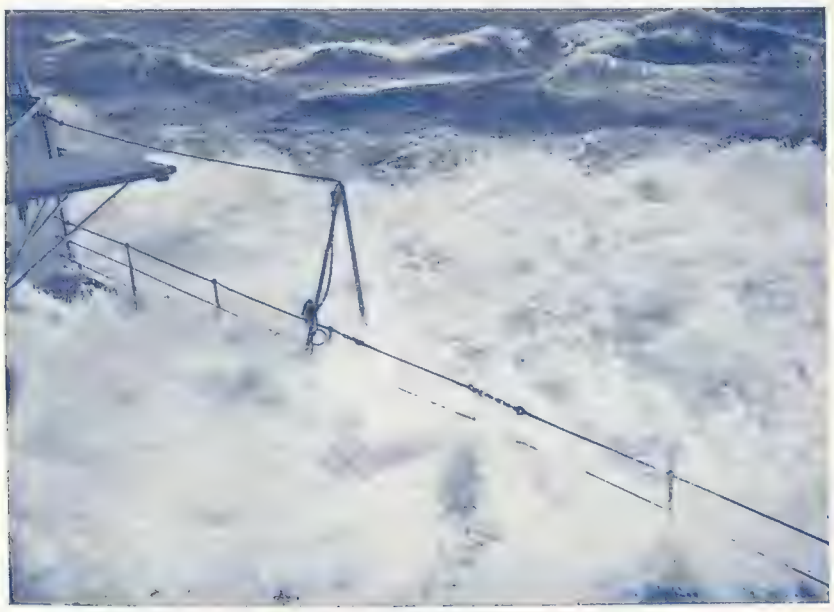
A WHITE CHRISTMAS IN THE POTTERIES: An overhanging tree covered in hoar frost near Weston, Staffs. The old Dingley Dell type of Christmas has not been experienced for the last two years, but 1931—most unseasonable of years—seems, as we go to press, to be prepared to make amends at its end

WINTER SEAS

"A PAINTED SHIP UPON A PAINTED OCEAN": The three-master *Hans* in the glow of the setting sun, seen from the deck of a passing steamer. The scene evokes the ancient legend of Van der Decken

WHERE THE FISH COST DEAR: A scene with the herring fleet in the North Sea, showing how the small boats—sailing ships with auxiliary engines—are tossed like cockle-shells in rough weather

THE BOW WAVE: The gigantic roll of water created by a destroyer rushing at over 35 knots through Moray Firth. The sea itself was running high when this picture was taken



FOAM OVER THE BOWS: A scene aboard H.M.S. *Repulse* during a heavy sea. Even the latest products of the shipbuilders' art are mocked by Nature in tempestuous mood

MOUNTAINS OF WATER: The Atlantic in high fettle seen from the deck of the *Aquitania* during a recent crossing. Even the giant Cunarder was flung about by the angry sea as if it were a toy

AN URSINE JACOB'S LADDER: A couple of bears retreat from a dog in Jasper National Park. The tame bears of the Great Rocky Mountain enclosures go in for a deal of climbing—save when they think that a visitor is likely to provide them with some delicacy

CAMERA-SHY: The bears in the great preserves of the American Continent have no opportunity of growing gun-shy, but their natural timidity—and bears are among the most timid of animals—reasserts itself when menaced with a lens. They invariably climb a tree to escape—an example of which, drawn from Yellowstone Park, appears above

ON THE PROWL: A bear at Gibson's Camp, Kootenay National Park, presents an aspect of ferocity, but in reality he is only considering whether a visitor whom he has sighted is likely to prove "bear-minded" and offer a delicacy to delight his inner-man

"STAND UP AND SING"! A singularly tame bear in Kootenay National Park emulates Tommy Tucker of nursery rhyme fame. The grizzlies in the National Parks of Canada and America seldom go wild although they are in no way controlled or officially trained. Such accidents have been recorded, however

A DOMESTIC SCENE: A mother bear and her cubs. The ursine young have an appeal all their own and they are extremely playful — as, in fact, are mature bears. Their natural gaiety of disposition is to be seen in the way they do tricks for the titbits given by visitors

TAME BEARS IN THE WILD

Public parks in which you can see scores of black, brown, and grizzly bears absolutely at liberty, and yet so tame that you can approach quite close to them, and in some cases even feed them, sounds hardly credible at first, but such is nevertheless a fact.

In the Rocky Mountain parks of Canada, and also in the Yosemite Valley in California and in Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, I have encountered bears and have even had them lumbering after me soliciting some tit-bit of food. It was in Jasper Park, in the Canadian Rockies, where I first came face to face with wild bears.

This great national reserve covers an area of over 5,000 square miles, and with its snow-capped mountains, valleys, forests, lakes, and streams is a miniature Switzerland. It is, in fact, only partially explored, but all wild life within its borders is rigidly protected. In its woods roam the moose, caribou, elk, and deer, as well as mountain sheep, fox, lynx, and other creatures. But it is very rarely indeed that the ordinary visitor catches sight of any of these creatures, for they keep away from the roads and trails. Occasionally you may get a fleeting glance of a deer as it rushes away in the forest, but that is all.

Not so, however, with the bears. Realizing they are protected, they boldly come to the hotels and bungalows seeking food from interested spectators. Unfortunately, this very boldness is often their undoing. They get too venturesome, when they are apt to become a nuisance and even a danger.

We were returning to Jasper Lodge one afternoon after a motor excursion to the Athabasca Valley when our driver inquired if we would like to see the bears, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, switched off down a rough trail into the forest. We had not travelled far before we stopped, and alighting we made our way to what was the "dump," where the refuse from the little town of Jasper was shot. Roaming over the heap we counted five bears, two of them being cubs. There they stood, gazing at us less than twenty yards away.

As we moved nearer to them, two of them slunk farther back on the edge of the forest, but not so the others. Then a lady in the party threw them a chocolate. Two of them pounced upon it, and there were angry growls. Having tasted the tit-bit and liking it, the bear became bolder and started moving towards us, sniffing the air as he did so. The ladies, getting a little nervous of wild bears only a few feet away, fell back. But the bear came on and the ladies screamed. He passed close to me and made direct for the lady with the chocolates, and would have caught her up had not the driver dashed forward and driven the bear away.

Although the bears appear tame you never know what they will do. When they get too venturesome and break into the houses they are shot. A lady at Banff, a newcomer to the mountains, was very fond of feeding the bears from her kitchen window. She returned one evening to find that a bear had broken into her kitchen. It was not so much what bruin had taken as the damage he did. He smashed the table and two of the chairs, actually crumpled up a frying pan, swept jars from the shelves, ripped open a bag of flour, and left the place in a fearful mess. Once a bear has broken into a house seeking food he is liable to do so again, so the park wardens are instructed to watch for such bears and destroy them.

The bears, of course, are only to be seen during the summer months. This is one of the marvels of bear life. They sleep all through the winter, waking up only with the bright spring sunshine.

The WORLD is FULL of INTEREST

HIGH POLITICS IN AFRICA: In consequence of difficulties between the aborigines and the mandated tribes in Tanganyika (formerly German East Africa) Sultan Musinga of Ruanda, Urundi, has been deposed and his son has been set up in his stead

WHERE EVERY DAY IS WASHING DAY: A picture from Brittany showing a *paysanne* drying the characteristic caps on a convenient hedge. The stiffly-frilled caps add a great deal to the decorativeness of the whole Breton *mise-en-scène*

JAPAN'S FIRST REVUE: A magnificent scene in an oriental-cum-occidental production in Tokio entitled "Love in the Snow." This is the first show of its kind to be seen in Japan and it has created a great sensation; even blasé Europeans would be moved by the gorgeousness of the spectacle

AN ENTRANCING LADY ENTRANCED: The Belgian-Scottish beauty queen, Miss Cameron, hypnotized by the distinguished mystic, Hanussen, at the Beauty Ball held in Berlin just before Christmas

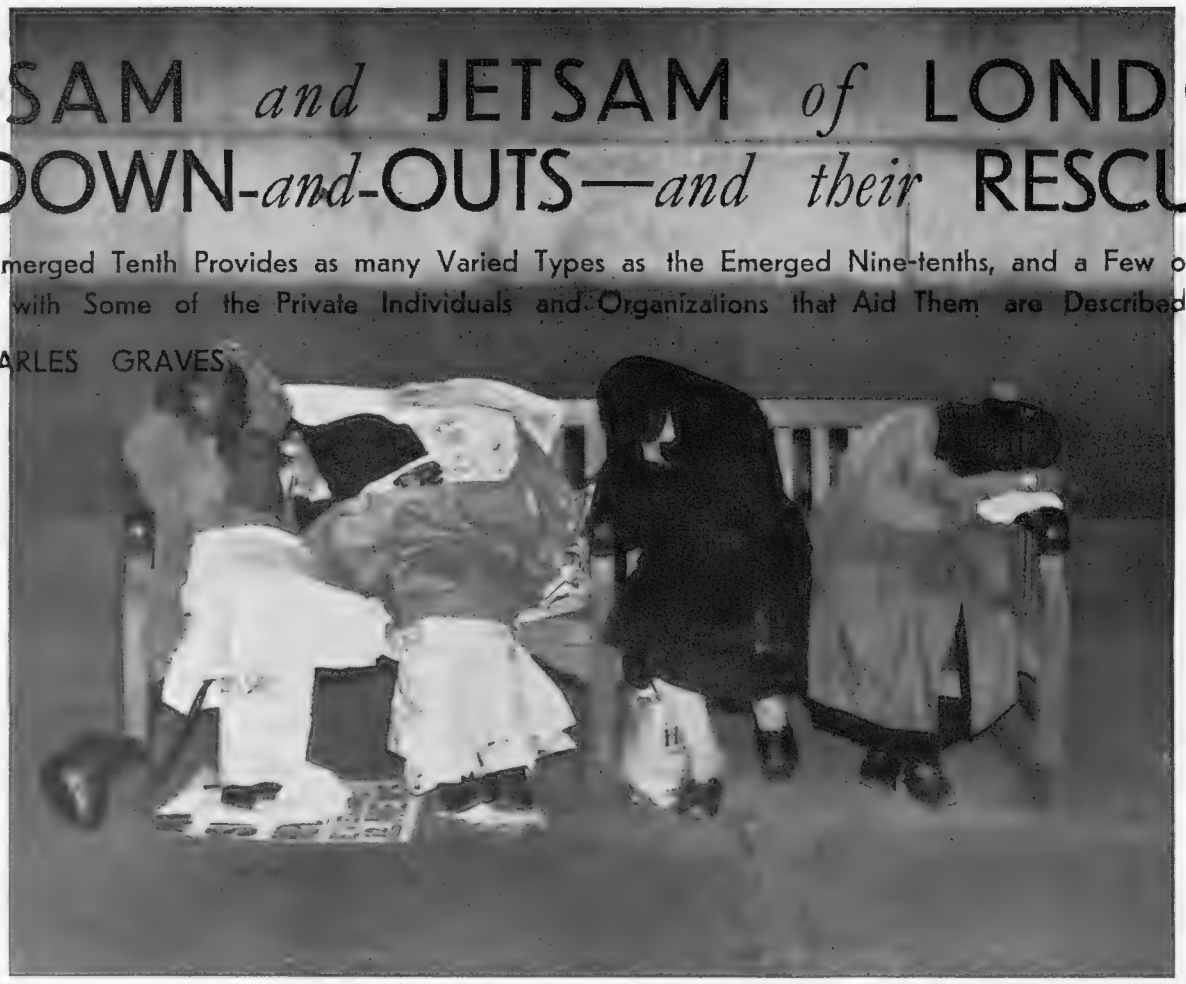
DOG WEEK IN GERMANY: Dr. Hintz, head of the Dog Hospital of the Animal High School, looks through the gastroscope at the diseased stomach of a dog. The device is equipped with a tiny electric bulb

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR IN ROME: The art of the *fantoccino* still exerts its sway in Italy, and marionettes of various sizes form one of the most popular attractions to children at Christmastime in Italy

FLOTSAM *and* JETSAM *of* LONDON—*the* DOWN-*and*-OUTS—*and their* RESCUERS

The Submerged Tenth Provides as many Varied Types as the Emerged Nine-tenths, and a Few of These, together with Some of the Private Individuals and Organizations that Aid Them are Described Below

By CHARLES GRAVES



PITIFUL DREAMS OF THE HOPELESS: A heartrending scene in Trafalgar Square, where the homeless and hopeless nod for an hour in the bitter winter night. Muffled in threadbare rags, eked out with placards and discarded news-sheets, they seek at once to recoup their broken bodies with a little rest, their shattered spirits with visions of may-be or might-have-been

It was 6.15 p.m., and we were drinking cocktails. The telephone rang. I answered it. "Is that Mr. Graves? Oh, can you be at the Admiralty Arch at 1 a.m. to-night? Right. See you then." It was The Silver Lady, as she is known to the Submerged Tenth. I had asked her secretary whether the van was going out that night and, if so, whether I could come along. This was my answer. I had not seen raw life for twelve years. Now I was going to renew my acquaintance.

At 12.50 a.m. I took up my stand by the Arch. One down-and-out was there already. He was young, weedy, and spectacled, and so fatigued with walking about—trying to keep warm—that he tottered as he fell asleep and then woke up every two or three minutes. The van had not been out for two nights, and he was starving with cold and hunger. A moment later a little old woman appeared. Under each arm she carried a bundle of newspapers. She was dressed in nondescript fashion, with white hair, a sad face, and a shapeless hat. She sat down quietly ten yards away from the young man, arranged her newspapers round her legs, snuggled into the iron railings against Drummond's Bank, and hoped for sleep. It was a bitter cold night and I was glad of my thick overcoat, thick suit, thick underclothes, and thick shoes and socks. The youth's clothes were threadbare. So were those of the old woman.

There we were, the three of us. None of us spoke. Then a fourth came along. He had the head of a Michael Angelo saint, except for his big black cavalry moustache. Even in the lamplight you could see the queer, controlled smile in his eye, which was that of a philosopher and a poet. He was six feet tall, held himself well, and walked calmly but swiftly up and down in his grey-white carpet slippers. The rest of us remained still—the old woman in her newspapers, the youth dozing against the railings, and myself on the kerb, smoking a cigarette. So it was for eight minutes, which can be a long time if you are hoping for your only meal all night and have nowhere to sleep.

Across Trafalgar Square big closed motor cars passed swiftly from the Savoy towards Piccadilly and St. James's. The electric signs winked red and yellow. It was damned cold.

Then some clock struck one, and simultaneously a small white Ford van drove swiftly up to us from the Green Park, swung round, and drew in to the kerb, disclosing three girls in aprons, two steaming cauldrons of tea, a pile of bread-and-dripping, a smaller pile of slices of pie, and a saucer of salt (for the bread-and-dripping). Within two minutes a queue of eighty men and three women had formed miraculously out of the shadows and from round the corner.

They were all ages, in all kinds of garments, some with sacking instead of boots, some in bowler hats, two or three wearing gloves, four or five carrying pathetic little attaché cases. Some wore beards weeks old. One or two looked as though they had been shaved only ten minutes before. But there was no doubt about their need, despite the curiously healthy appearance which sleeping out all night for months had given them. They behaved exactly like trained dogs. They did not speak to The Silver Lady, or to her assistants, or to one another. They took their cup of tea, their bread-and-dripping, and retired to the railings. When they had finished, they brought back the cups, put them down, and moved away. It was like a silent film, except for the occasional clatter of a tea cup on the counter of the van.

Every type was represented. Having an eye for faces, I counted four—each of them youths under twenty—who broke the unwritten law, formed in the queue again, and got their second cup of tea and slice of bread-and-dripping. One was a sloppy-faced boy with black dank hair, who looked as though he had escaped from Borstal. Another was a sulky lad of eighteen with a muffler round his neck. I guessed he had just come out of prison that day after three months "for loitering with intent." The other two were just skinny and hungry, and characterless. Lounging against the railings was the man in the carpet slippers. I heard about him afterwards. He is of Italian extraction, and was a backwoodsman in Canada. The more you looked at him the more you were struck by his appearance. He did not exactly sneer at the others. He simply failed to be aware of their presence. "You'll see him on the Embankment later on," I was told. We did.

While the food and drink were being served out The Silver Lady's secretary stood by the bonnet of the van with a pencil and note-book. Every minute or two a down-and-out would come up and ask huskily for a pair of trousers, or a shirt, or a pair of boots, or bed-money, or socks, or an overcoat. Most of these were told that they could have their wish the following evening.

Then an old chap came up. He had the voice of an old-time actor—dignified, resonant, and accentless. "Can I come and see you to-morrow?" he asked. "I saw my solicitors to-day. But they could do nothing. I think I would like to cable my cousins in New Zealand and go out in January." Later I was told that he had gone through £40,000. It is quite true that he has relatives in New Zealand who jointly with him own a block of shares which it is, however, difficult to realize. Meantime he is penniless, dignified, unruffled, and starving. Still, he is lucky. He has two overcoats and a bowler hat, and even a walking-stick.

Twenty minutes later the cups were collected and we drove off along the Embankment. We had gone barely five hundred yards along the tram tracks when the brakes were applied, and we jolted to a jarring stop. The chauffeur had seen three or four down-and-outs slumped on the benches facing the Thames. It being my self-appointed job to offer them tea and bread, I went along.

The secretary came with me. "If they are asleep," she said, "don't wake them up. It would be a shame. If they are awake, that's different."

Three were awake. All were old enough to be my grandfather. They shuffled after us to the van.

One of them, rheumy-eyed, bearded, stunted, and shivering, said, "Blast those trams. Yer don't know wot a draught they causes as they go by yer. These 'ere benches ain't got solid backs. It's wicked, yus it is, the way the wind goes through yer." He sucked his tea noisily. His companions ate silently and thoughtfully.

"Where yer goin' ter-night, Bill?" one of them asked the other. "I'm going to the Kitcat myself."

"I dunno, Murray's proberbly," was the reply.

They spoke quite unaffectedly. You may have seen them there yourself. But of course they had got to wait until 3 a.m., when both places are closed, before they can doss down. They sleep uneasily on the steps until dawn comes and they can go into Hyde Park after a slice of bread from the nuns in Cavendish Square.

Of course it is pretty cold in Beak Street and the Haymarket. Some of the outcasts prefer the hot "plates" at the back of the Strand Palace Hotel. The warm air comes up through the gratings from the kitchens and boilers in a most gratifying way. The trouble is that the police move you on if you lie down. So you have to crook your arm round the iron bars and sleep standing, if you can. It is easy to see how it is done. Go there any night and see the men there, clinging like giant bats against the side. Most of them are asleep. There is another good place in Park Lane, where we flushed a down-and-out. It is the disused sentry-box by Grosvenor Gate. The man was old-young, with skirts over his trousers to keep him warm.

MANY MINDS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT—and that thought is food—a poignant scene taken from behind the counter of the food-van which brings the only victuals and comfort they know to many of London's hopeless

But I am going ahead too fast. After our trio had breakfasted on the Embankment, we moved on another five hundred yards. A young married couple were sleeping out, and two nondescripts. The married couple woke up, however, and got a double helping. By this time the bread-and-dripping was running low. We had served two hundred cups of tea and a similar number of slices of bread-and-dripping. They were given a piece of pie instead—and preferred it.

By Cleopatra's Needle the Sphinx must have smiled. About thirty homeless men queued up for food, when a homeward bound street acrobat saw us and proceeded to entertain the queue. He did Catherine wheels and splits and hand-turns—and then took his hat round. He thought it was an ordinary coffee-stall, with the possibility of a spare copper here and there. It was the kind of thing that Chaplin missed in *City Lights*. And yet nobody could invent an incident like that.

But by now I was past thinking that anything was funny, and so would you have been. I have told this baldly. It is better that way. As the

men ate and drank the man with the black moustache strode swiftly past in his grey-white carpet slippers. "Wouldn't he like another slice of something?" I asked.

"No," was the reply. "We asked him that a month ago. He thanked us and said he had had his share up by Admiralty Arch."

As we spoke, an old woman with a white face and bent back shuffled by. Every few yards she stopped, looked round, and then walked on again. She always does that even if she does not want anything.

The men here finished their tea and bread and shambled off. They seldom said "Please" or "Thank you." They are past surprise or gratitude. One or two said "Good morning." One or two touched their caps. One spoke to me vaguely about a ginger cat which walks about by himself every night on the Embankment. But he was talkative compared with the others. A squint-eyed boy said that the pale-faced policeman was on duty that night, so we hoped for a decent sleep. Some policemen were not so quick to move on the outcasts as others are.

Off we went again, this time past the Ritz Hotel. Two men leant under the arches. One sulked and refused any nourishment; the other, skinny, pinched, and with an enormous nose, ate his friend's ration gratefully. From here we went along the Battersea Road; it was about 4 a.m., but the "Pride of Lammermuir," as The Silver Lady calls her, was there. She is a little old lady who was once a governess and ran off with her master's son to America. They returned a year later, and she was installed in a flat. But he left her. She thinks he is still alive, and is waiting for him to return. Always she says, "Thank you, I have just had my cup of tea," if The Silver Lady offers her something to drink.

LONDON'S BREAD LINE: Men clean shaven and men with a growth of days, broken-down gentlemen and products of the gutter, men with the face of a saint and men who carry the *stigmata* of vice and crime on their brows—all are welcomed by Miss Betty Baxter. As "no ranks but only stomachs" entered Abernethy's consulting room, so no castes but only humanity comes to the Silver Lady's peripatetic table

Who is The Silver Lady? She is Miss Betty Baxter, whose grandmother started the Elizabeth Baxter Hostel in the Lambeth Road. Three or four nights a week she goes out with her van and gives food and assistance, but never money, to the down-and-outs. The cost is all defrayed from her own pocket, and it amounts to about £3 a night, apart from the cost of her chauffeur and secretary. Her father gives her a room in his offices at 6, Tudor Street, just off the Embankment. She used to go round in her own closed car before she bought the van. Miss Baxter is a pretty girl of about twenty-five years of age, with blonde waved hair, but there is no sob-stuff about her.

Next day she took me to the Elizabeth Baxter Hostel. There are twenty beds here for homeless, destitute girls and women. Nellie Tucker, who figured in the Rouse case, is often there. The matron says she is a quiet, respectable girl. The matron added that any number of girls come to London from the provinces thinking that they are going to get good jobs immediately and then find themselves starving after a day or two. Miss Baxter showed me two or three letters from people she had assisted. Here is one of them:—

"DEAR MADAME.—I arrived hoam safley sunday, with my to pals I do not know how to thank you for the hospitality and interest you showed towards us, my mother thanks you from the bottom of her heart and myself I would do anything in the world to repay you for your kindness. I also thank you for the trust you had in us by letting us have the money to help us on our way. When we arrived home we took a great load off our mothers minds.—Yours sincerely (sgd.), J. F."

Altogether it seems rather a pity that Miss Baxter, who is by no means well off, may have to stop this work because of the expense it involves and the almost total lack of support, moral or financial, which she receives.

The Salvation Army, on the other hand, has 25,000 offices throughout the world. After leaving Miss Baxter I went to the Anti-Suicide Bureau in Middlesex Street, E. It is a white building, and next door to it is the hostel where six men who failed to commit suicide are now living, while efforts are being made to find them work.

Colonel Gravett of the Salvation Army told me all about them in his office where he interviews them. It is a small red and white room with two desks, three religious pictures, and a fireplace. Through the window you can see a church spire and a number of chimney pots. Colonel Gravett has white hair and iron spectacles. He spoke in an even voice as he told me of the six men who tried to take their lives. One is a cabinet maker who lost his job in the depression recently. He put himself on the railway line, but in some way escaped death. He had to go to hospital with his injuries, but is now recovered. Another is a valet who took some stuff called somnifine, but not enough. A hotel porter who cut his wrist with a razor, a labourer who tried to find a way out by lysol, and another porter who turned the gas on himself make up the total.

Though attempted suicide is technically a criminal offence, these men are all passed on to the Salvation Army by the police. For they have not enough constables to allocate three of them on eight-hour shifts each to watch that it does not happen again. Not that it is at all common for a man who has failed once to try again. The Anti-Suicide Bureau knows of only a single case of this, and it was started in 1908. Most of them after a month or two of care are put on their feet again and make good.

Here is an extract from a letter of one of them: "I do realize that the hole I got into was very deep, and *you* are one of the few—in fact the only one—who really knows all; and I do appreciate how *understanding, considerate, and sympathetic* you have been to me. I do hope that the 'second rung of the ladder' will very soon be reached, and then the final climb to the 'top' will follow."

I gather that it is not particularly difficult to find jobs for attempted suicides. In the case of discharged prisoners, the Central Society for this, which has its offices in Victory House (*sic*), Leicester Square, does not find it too easy. The eight Prisoners' Aid Societies handle 30,000 prisoners a year. (You must not call them convicts, because convicts are men who have served at least three years in prison. Their Aid Society is in Buckingham Street, Strand.)

As the secretary said to me yesterday, "When a man gets sentenced, his punishment does not really begin until he gets out of prison. It is not so much his temporary curtailment of liberty as the hardship he endures while trying to find a job afterwards.

"Take this case here, which came to me just before you arrived. He is a Major with the D.S.O. and the M.C. He was an officer in the Regular Army, under forty years old, a Cambridge Blue, and a Rugger International. He was given three months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences—and probably thought himself lucky at getting off so lightly. But is he? The fact remains that he went to prison and is now out of work and penniless. I wish to goodness we could get him a job somehow. He knows all about motor cars."

The secretary then spoke of two or three other similar cases for whom work has actually been found. One was a law stationer—a very generous-minded man of nice disposition, who even paid his subordinates' expenses when they were not recoverable from his firm. In this and other ways he allowed his expenditure to exceed his income to such an extent that he falsified the firm's accounts. As a temporary measure, routine work at low remuneration was found for him, and when the opportunity came he was placed in his own profession. He wrote:

"I have just completed my week's trial at this firm, and have given every satisfaction. The work is rather hard, but that I do not mind so long as I can earn a decent wage.

(Continued on p. 34)

TRAGEDIES OF THE TOWN: The down-and-outs gather round when the food-van, privately run and privately maintained by the grand-daughter of the founder of the Elizabeth Baxter Hostel in the Lambeth Road, comes to a halt. Only very few have fallen so low that they break the unwritten law and try to get a second helping

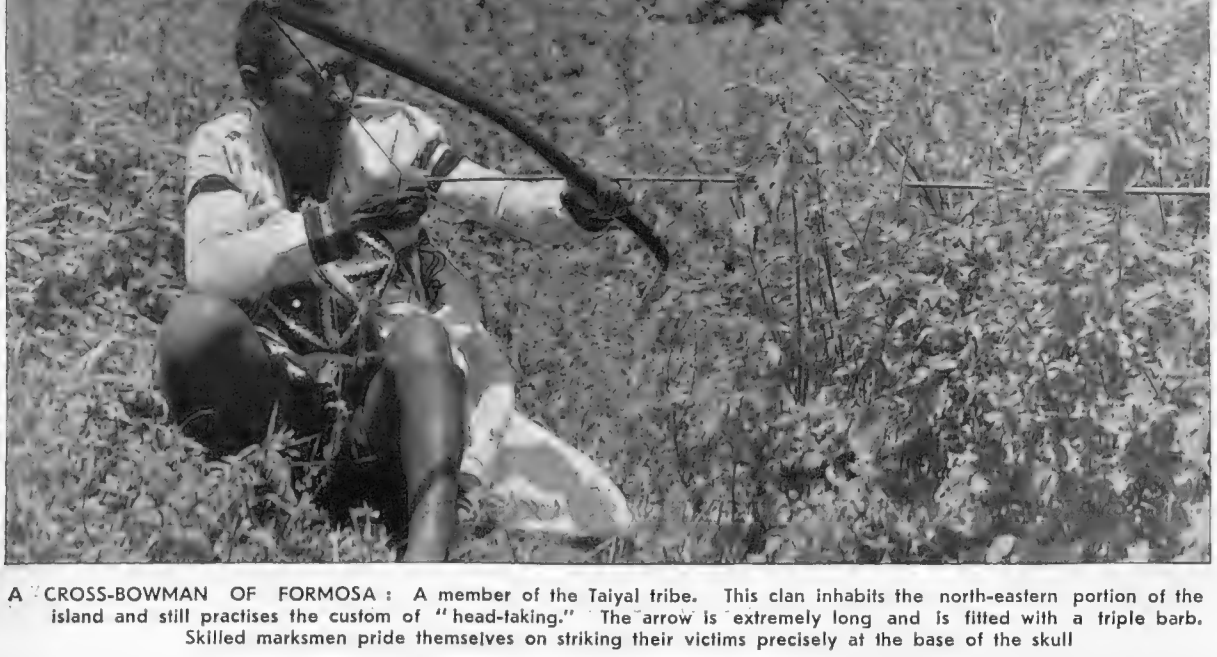
JAPAN RULES

THE BOW AND ARROW HOLDS ITS PLACE among the tribesmen of Formosa. These weapons are mainly used against the game with which the island abounds. There are 146 tribes on the island. These are Tsuou tribesmen

CELEBRATING A MAJORITY: The ritual com of-a of the Ami tribe; the initiates with the "hd-ta is no longer an Ami custom, although it trac o

LARGE CIGARS FOR WOMEN, SMALL CIGARS FOR MEN: This is the rule in the Ami tribe, for it is held among the clan to be a sign of effeminacy to smoke large cigars. A cigarette smoker would probably be regarded as a demi-god! Ami women sport head-dresses adorned with silver coins which proclaim their financial status

THE SYMBOL OF PEACE: The ceremony sts out of one piece of wood. Anyone wh erf from molestation. It is especially a Paiwan om,



A CROSS-BOWMAN OF FORMOSA: A member of the Taiyal tribe. This clan inhabits the north-eastern portion of the island and still practises the custom of "head-taking." The arrow is extremely long and is fitted with a triple barb. Skilled marksmen pride themselves on striking their victims precisely at the base of the skull

Situated athwart the tropic of Cancer, the id Formosa presents to the world the specta of natural paradise inhabited in parts by th mos demonic of humans. In the hills head-hun sti abound and so depraved are they, that by the mbe of heads—the Formosan tribesmen wear bra no scalps—is the wealth of a man assessed. Th Beautiful Island" of the Portuguese navigato f th sixteenth century, Formosa is now renamed f th Japanese Taiwan. It was controlled and adm tere by China for many years, primarily from the alan and subsequently from the island itself; but r th Sino-Japanese War of '95 it was taken over by an.

There are nearly 150 tribes in the island agin from Malayan stock to Negroid. In additio ther are still a number of Chinese who pursue agr tura activities concentrated in the western half of th land The wild aborigines inhabit the mountains, a thes vary in habits, in traditions, in culture, an dis position from clan to clan. Japan, whose onia policy savours largely of Prussianism, in its ruless ness as well as in its efficiency, is the ideal er t cope with these recalcitrant tribes. She is akin great strides in subduing the incorrigible, ex atin

the HEAD-HUNTERS of FORMOSA

of-age dance in Formosa. This is celebrated annually by members d-taking" knives may be seen in the foreground. "Head-taking" raditional knives are ritually carried, but it is still extant among other Formosan tribes

ts in drinking rice-wine from a twin-cup of special design, made erforms this ceremony is held a friend of the tribe and is free om, and a European is seen above drinking with a chief of that tribe

A FETISH OF THE PAIWAN decorated with the skulls of the victims of the now discontinued practice of head-taking

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE across the Koko Gorge assists the Japanese police to maintain order

TROPHIES OF HUMAN HAIR ornament the coat of a Taiyal chief. Among the forty-two braids he wears are those of Japanese and European women

BLACK TEETH FOR BEAUTY is the rule among women of the Paiwan tribe. The women of this tribe are considered as priestesses

A NASAL FLUTE: Paiwan tribesmen play their reed instruments not with the mouth but with the nostril, and, in consequence, play two at once, each hand playing the necessary notes

l of
of a
most
still
nber
not
The
the
the
ered
land
the
n.
ging
here
ural
and.
nese
dis-
nial
ess-
r to
king
ting

their more regrettable uses (such as cannibalism and head-hunting), and bringing the whole island, which lies in a typhoon belt to the south of Japan proper, into a state of modern development.

Formosa is rich in natural advantages. Its timber is practically inexhaustible; its fertile soil sustains rice, tea, sugar, salt, hemp, jute, indigo, and camphor. In addition it has mineral wealth including alluvial gold, silver, coal, copper, petroleum, and sulphur. The climate is hot, damp, and malarious, with a heavy rainfall in the north. A trunk railway has already been equipped, while communications have been opened up into the interior by the Japanese authorities with marked effect upon the wilder tribes.

The pictures presented upon this double page were taken by Captain Carl von Hoffman, the distinguished explorer, who spent five months in Formosa and ventured into the Taiyal territory where head-taking (as head-hunting is termed in the island) still persisting, constitutes the greatest barrier to Japanese civilization. The pictures show facets of Formosan life, from the curiously anti-Western theories with regard to tobacco to the equally curious, equally un-European habit of the Paiwan women with regard to their teeth.

BOOKS—

Mr. Winston Churchill and his Thousands: Literary Luncheons on Both Sides of the Atlantic: An Author's X-ray Eye Diagnosing the Nationalistic Diseases of the World

By CECIL ROBERTS

A discussion having arisen as to the earnings of authors, I seemed to have startled the circle by stating that I thought Mr. Winston Churchill was probably earning as much with his pen as any man in the British Empire. Almost as soon as I had made the suggestion a club servant brought a newspaper stating that Mr. Churchill had been knocked down in New York, and was compelled to cancel a lecture tour worth £15,000. There are few authors who can scoop up that amount on a single lecture tour. In fact, I do not know of a single author in the last decade who has done so. It may be said, of course, that Mr. Churchill is paid his high fees to lecture as a statesman, but anyone who has been watching this versatile and irrepressible man will have noticed how, in the last five years, he has achieved what many capable judges regard as his only secure reputation, a foremost position as a contemporary historian.

He alone, of the great horde of writers upon the World War, has succeeded in bringing the huge canvas down to a convenient domestic size. As an historian said to me the other day, a little bitterly, he has "done in" the history of the War. There will be no five, ten, or twenty volume work by scholarly historians of the future. If the War proved too big for its generals it has certainly proved too big for its historians. Mr. Churchill, surveying the European battlefield, rightly decided that potted history, potted and labelled under his own recipe, would be as much as the public could consume. The result has been a series of books that, despite historical blemishes, inaccurate deductions, and somewhat irrelevant personal intrusions, in their ability to present a tremendous subject in a compact, vivid, entrancing style, are not likely to be surpassed. The expressive details, the personal bias, these things cannot permanently detract from a very extraordinary achievement.

When Mr. Churchill plunged into a field that was open to any enterprising writer, the story of the War on the Eastern front, in Galicia, the Carpathians, and the Balkans, he possessed no sources of private information, no personal experiences to give him an advantage over any rival historian. Yet he has made of that survey one of the great stories of the War, a story that for tragedy and dramatic suspense, for the magnitude of its operations, triumphs, and reverses, makes the Western scene puny and colourless in comparison.

Mr. Churchill as an historian—perhaps "relator" would be a truer description, for he possesses more of the necessary detachment of the historian—now finds himself a best-seller. He is also a prolific writer of magazine articles, a journalist with a ceaseless flow of contributions to the Press. There is a brisk demand for his work in the United States, which he can both irritate and charm with a dexterity that probably springs from the fact that he is half an American himself, an antagonistic half it seems to me. If he is earning a penny less than £30,000 a year I shall be surprised.

There are probably half a dozen writers, and half a dozen only, whose literary earnings surpass that sum. A literary agent told me the other day that he thought Noel Coward's earnings were around £100,000 per annum. Mr. Somerset Maugham has touched in one year, I believe, a sum of £50,000. A success in the theatre is the most remunerative of all successes, but the odds are greater. An established novelist can draw a regular income from his publisher who can readily gauge his earning power, but a play by a leading dramatist may prove worth £100,000 or nothing.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS, whose forty-second book, *The Golden Years*—a romance of Victorian days—has recently made a considerable success

What surprises me in regard to many highly successful authors is their industry. With agents and income-tax deductions often doubled by income derived from foreign sources, they frequently receive no more than some 6s. in the pound—the sad aspect of authorship is that one day the creative flow must cease or the public tires, yet in the boom years the author, unlike the manufacturer, cannot take on more hands and build a new wing to his factory. Six thousands words a day is the maximum output possible from the most prolific creative mind. This amount prescribes the author's response to the heaviest demands and, when he dies or retires he has no business to dispose of, no marketable goodwill.

I have heard quite a lot of authors declare lately that they are keeping their income within £2,000, being unwilling to increase their mental "wear and tear" and exhaust their creative vein—for which the Inland Revenue allows no "depreciation" claims—merely to hand upwards of half the proceeds to the Government. "Last year I worked eight months of the twelve for the British Government. I'm not producing a book this year," said a famous novelist to me the other day. Unhappily this will not reduce the flood of novels that pour from the press. Nothing will check the amazing industry of unsuccessful writers. I am informed by a lady that she had written three novels this year. I asked her if they had done well. "Oh, I didn't mean I've had them published, I'm not as lucky as that!" she exclaimed.

Foyle's bookshop in the Charing Cross Road is famous, but the name of Foyle is gathering another renown in a different quarter. When I was in the United States I was caught in the celebrity net that is cast upon every visiting author by an enterprising lady, Miss Emma P. Wills, who has founded the New York Book and Play Club. Once a week she gathers together at a public luncheon a thousand women. At a long, high table she collects a score of literary celebrities, who are put on exhibition. Half-a-dozen of these are selected to perform. At a sign from Miss Wills they arise and make a two-minute display of verbal pyrotechnics. Woe to the time-snatcher who overruns his proper allowance! Thus a thousand women keep abreast of current literature, gaze on the best-sellers, and carry back to their dinner tables a week's supply of literary back-chat. It is all very entertaining. It encourages the sale of books and the vanity of authors. Miss Wills does it on a truly American scale.

I never believed that the English, in a quantity of more than a dozen or so, could ever be enticed to attend a public luncheon to look at literary lions—the mangiest of all lions, I fear, since actresses look beautiful, and musicians have a wild look. But I am changing my belief. There is a delicate, quiet young lady, Miss Christina Foyle, who is defeating our anti-gregarious habits. Once a month she arranges a literary luncheon. Last week she surpassed herself. Six hundred people sat down to luncheon, and listened afterwards to Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, Mr. A. E. Coppard, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, and Lord Greenwood.

Sir Norman Angell has revealed an almost inhuman quality in refraining from saying "I told you so!" when the Great War fulfilled his predictions. He was so right about "the Great Illusion" that it became quite unnecessary to point out the fact. He is that rare thing, the constructive thinker who brings to the problems of statesmanship a divinitive gift akin to genius yet based on transparent reason. This book (*The Unseen Assassins*. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is a skilful diagnosis of a stricken world. His eye has an X-ray quality; it sees through a body of illusions and reveals the deep-seated disease of fear that is eating up our civilization. He finds and proves that after losing faith in Democracy we have fallen back upon Nationalism, the narrow creed of distrust, the precursor of violence, revolution, and famine.

Sir Norman sees, and makes us see, with inexorable logic, that we have lost faith in human nature, and, having made the world safe for democracy and found that democracy is not safe, we are now treading the path of nationalism, as arrogant, as overbearing as anything we denounced and swore to exorcise in our pre-War enemies. "Nationalism" furnishes an opportunity for the savage in us to have his fling, which private life does not.

The book is not a plea for a party programme. Sir Norman is fully aware of the failure of Socialism, of Communism, and the dozen desperate roads to happiness trodden these last years.

To sum up, Sir Norman Angell is alarmed by the fall back from tolerance which characterizes our destroyed illusions concerning democracy and international solidarity. We have swung to a dangerous self-assertion—"the conduct of nations is marked by such immoralisms as 'my country, right or wrong.' Nothing quite so barbarous dare be asserted as the guide of individual conduct." And it is to individual conduct that Sir Norman Angell makes his appeal. Curiously, he is at one with Mr. H. G. Wells, who calls for the turn of the rights of the individual over those of the nation. We are to move now beyond democracy, beyond nationalism, back to individualism.

Sasha

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES": A Victorian comedy revived for *matinées* at the Westminster. Henry Ainley and Athene Seyler are in the cast

"BURKE AND HARE": Tod Slaughter and C. Douglas Carlisle in the blood and thunder at the New. The theme is to be seen, differently treated, at the Westminster

"BRITANNIA OF BILLINGSGATE": Eileen Collins-James and Mary Jerrold in a scene from the comedy of low life and cinema life which moved from the Embassy to the St. Martin's and is now at the Duke of York's

CHRISTMAS IN

Christmas is the time of revivals, and many hardy perennials of the boards are once more putting forth their blossoms. Quite apart from pantomime (which is never actually "revived") there are such plays as *Peter Pan, Where the Rainbow Ends, Toad of Toad Hall, When Knights were Bold,* and other old favourites. There is a notable

"THE FAITHFUL HEART": Claude Horton, Godfrey Tearle (in his original part), Derrick de Marney, and Grizelda Hervey in the revival at the Comedy

"FEAR": Dennis Neilson-Terry in the great *tour-de-force*, the sixteen-minute soliloquy, in the late Lord Lathom's play of obsession and lunacy at the Little

"WALK THIS WAY": Miss Gracie Fields in her new revue at the Winter Garden Theatre — a production which has the vigour, the vividness, and the crudity of traditional English farce

THE THEATRE

absentee among this fine crop, however. *Charley's Aunt* is not to be seen in London this Yuletide. Burke and Hare, the inspiration of many a blood and thunder melodrama, are to be seen in the traditional style at the New; at the Westminster, they are incidental to the high drama of their employer, Dr. Knox

—PLAYS

"Walk This Way" at the Winter Garden: "The Nelson Touch" at the St. Martin's: "Max and Mr. Max" at the Vaudeville: "It's a Girl" at the Strand

By PHILIP PAGE

MISS DIANA CHURCHILL, whose performance in *Dear Brutus*, performed by the Guildhall School of Music, drew from Miss Kate Rorke the tribute, "An Ellen Terry in the making"

If Miss Gracie Fields were not known to be, of course with justice, as devoid of conceit as it is possible for a big "star" of the revue and music-hall world to be, I would say that in the case of *Walk this Way* she had banked too heavily on her own personality. Perhaps it was the family that did the banking, for I gather that this is quite a family affair and that there are few members of the company on either side of the footlights of the Winter Garden Theatre not related irreproachably one to another. One of the principal comedians, indeed, became a proud father within a couple of hours of the fall of the curtain, and the infant, a son, is probably already having his "dates" arranged for him.

Not that I wish in any way to decry revue *en famille*. It is pleasant to find an instance of the revue stage casting (as Mr. Bernard Shaw once said of a husband and wife occupied in the higher flights of comedy) "by their immaculate behaviour a halo of domesticity over an otherwise disreputable profession." But it is sometimes unfair to expect one member of the family to hold the baby, in the non-domestic sense, nearly all the time.

Particularly if it be a biggish baby. The family, being a huge family, have launched a huge revue. "Our Gracie" has all the brains, the courage, and the infallible sense of the stage to drag it to success. She is enormously popular, and I think she will. She can sing a good song and, what is far more difficult, she can make a poor song tolerable. Even when she chooses, or is ordered, to indulge in that archaic and thread-bare wheeze, the burlesque of a serious singer, she can wheedle some entertainment out of it. But she is terribly overworked. Ardent admirer though I am of Miss Fields, I would have found some of her many appearances wearisome had I not known what would have happened had she not been on the stage.

YULETIDE PRODUCTIONS

The past few days have seen a fantastic number of new theatrical presentations, including revivals, *matinées*, and ordinary first nights. Over twenty West End and suburban theatres have been engaged in Christmas-time production. Notable among them are "It's a Girl" at the Strand, and "Walk This Way" at the Winter Garden

Revue has had a poor eighteen months or so, probably because managers have concentrated on the names of the people in them rather than on what those people do. Even Mr. C. B. Cochran, who knows more about the job than all the rest put together, indulged in an expensive nod when he engaged two undoubtedly funny people, Messrs. Clark and McCullagh, and allowed them to do dreadfully unfunny things. In other words, in revue, *the author matters*. Except for a sketch in which a night watchman took in lodgers, to the joy of his accommodating wife, and another in which some comedians, in selling a battered old car, became amusingly entangled in its tyres, and in recollections of Mr. Harry Tate, I found the libretto (if that be the word) of *Walk this Way* an ordeal. And I have too high an opinion of the English provinces to dismiss it as provincial, though it is a mystery to me that Mr. Morris Harvey, who alone in the cast has, in addition to his many accomplishments, a long experience of what London audiences like, was given so few chances of exploiting that experience. Mr. Douglas Wakefield, gifted by Nature with a bizarre face and the aptitude for acting up, or down, to it, is one of the assets. The dancing troupe is another.

Mr. Neil Grant's *The Nelson Touch* was far too good a comedy to blush and die, unseen by most, near Swiss Cottage railway station. It has been re-written, re-cast, and transferred to the St. Martin's Theatre. This story of a pompous and incompetent Foreign Secretary who is helped out of a hole by a ne'er-do-well brother is the greatest fun. I would willingly visit it again to hear that Cabinet Minister (Mr. Felix Aylmer) say over the telephone to his department, "It is I." Mr. Francis Lister looked much too young to be his brother (which is intended as a compliment), and took the joke much too seriously (which is not). His was a good performance; but it is a part for a Hawtrey or a Hicks to have used, as a soloist in a concerto uses his purple patches, and even the most promising of our young men seem to be without that touch. Mr. O. B. Clarence's butler must be hung on the line in the special gallery of that great miniature painter. The ladies of the cast meant very little — not altogether the author's fault. A true comedy, which can be seen and enjoyed more than once.

In unrefined circles (of which I confess to being fond) there is a form of progression known vulgarly as "the Rozzers' March." It is adopted by cross-talk comedians of the Mic and Mac type, who use it for their exits and their entrances. When at the rise of the curtain on *Max and Mr. Max* at the Vaudeville I saw two grave men in black coats pace the stage in step, with hardly an inch between them, I grew hopeful. It is true they were side by side and not one behind the other, Still, the play was being presented by Mr. Archie de Bear, who is a good judge of fun, and with memories of the admirable use he made of Messrs. Nervo and Knox my hope did not diminish. But after half an act of this strange play, that hope had wilted to nothing. I fear the only chance of success for it is to allow the parts of Max and Mr. Max to be played by the aforesaid Messrs. Nervo and Knox without delay.

This is not intended as a reflection on the art of Mr. Nicholas Hannen and Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith, sound actors both. But the play is so full of talk, and pointless talk at that, and so far-fetched in its ideas, that one yearned for something broadly amusing to happen. Slow motion can be extremely funny when knock-about comedians indulge in it (it is, by the way, a speciality of Messrs. N. and K.). When it takes place in the brain of the author it is not so alluring.

Tantalizingly enough, the play might have been interesting, for the central idea, properly worked out, would be ingenious. We see a man's conscience accompanying him everywhere, arguing with him, school-mastering him. We see the man sending that conscience to sleep by deliberately boring him (in the circumstances a dangerous move), and we see the conscience becoming an actual man by sticking a flower in his coat. Here the play becomes the wildest fantasy, with a recondite reference to Appuleius and the Ass, which is found, if I remember rightly, in the works of Petronius, who would write a good revue were he alive to-day. The story, such as it is, concerns the descent of a pretty woman and her matter-of-fact husband upon a bachelor household in a desolate part of Spain. Mr. Edmund Gwenn strove nobly to infuse a spirit of reality and Miss Kathleen O'Regan looked and sounded adorable. But the odds were against them.

After *It's a Boy, It's a Girl*. I imagine that it will be at least a year before the trilogy is completed with the production of *It's Neither*. From which it may be guessed that I laughed very much at the new farce at the Strand. In some ways it is not a good farce, in the sense that it does not play itself, and in the hands of an inferior company might be deemed poor stuff. But played by the now familiar Strand Theatre team it is joy all the time, and no comparisons need be feared.

Mr. Austin Melford, the author, has been criticized for using ancient situations. It is said that there are only twenty-two farcical situations possible in the whole range of drama, or of real life for that matter. For aught I know Mr. Melford has used twenty-one of them. But the point lies not in the fact of using them but in the method, and here Mr. Melford is deft enough. Since three acts of uproarious merriment may be considered too heavy a burden to bear (though I would willingly take it on) he has wisely made his first act fairly good, his second act better, and his third act best of all. In this last the duologue between Mr. Leslie Henson disguised as a doctor, and Mr. Sydney Howard as a district nurse, each with a bag of implements ranging from the horticultural to the presumably obstetric, actually did reduce one to the physical discomfort of hilarity —the pain in the side, the groans, and the mopping of the eyes. Mr. Howard has an air of pseudo-dignity and refinement which he couples with the homely small-talk of the turf and the tap-room in an air of bland innocence which bowls me over completely. Mr. Henson is as electrically irresistible as usual. Another fixed asset to the team is Miss Vesta Sylva, who has the sense to realize that extreme prettiness is not enough. She has in her the true spirit of farce, and no actress has better diction.

HOW PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND LIVED

NAMED BY THE "WIZARD OF THE NORTH": Jarlshof, which received its name from Sir Walter Scott when he wrote *The Pirate*. Formerly it was known as "The Lord's Houses," owing to buildings erected by Earl Robert Stewart

EXCAVATION: The remnants of a prehistoric village at Jarlshof. Part of the broch is seen on the left

THE RUINS OF JARLSHOF: This view shows a gable-end of the medieval building erected on top of the prehistoric houses

THE LIVING ROOMS OF PREHISTORY: The great feature of this style of building lies in the curious overlapping of the stonework which expands towards the roof. In this these structures follow the formation of the brochs

A WELL covered with a wooden slab is a remarkable feature of this part of the structure. The predominating stones in the main structure are narrow, with occasional square ones inserted

The Ancient Monuments Department of His Majesty's Office of Works has been busy during the past season, under the direction of Mr. A. O. Curle, F.S.A. (Scot.), the noted Scottish archæologist, and a member of the Ancient Monuments Commission of Scotland, in excavating part of the Pictish ruins at Jarlshof, Shetland. Mr. Curle, it will be remembered, discovered the great silver hoard on Traprain Law. Part of this Shetland work was begun many years ago by the late Mr. John Bruce of Sumburgh, on whose estate the ruins are situated. They are of great archæological value as an example of architecture in the early Iron Age.

They cluster round a broch, and a secondary building has actually been erected within the broch itself. They are probably the habitations of people previous to the advent of the Norsemen. Additional interest has been added by the discovery of a still earlier building. There has been exposed a house constructed on a definite plan, consisting of five chambers, four of them occupational and the fifth seemingly used as an ash-pit, the walls of which still stand to a height of three to four feet, and the floor of which lies at a depth of five to six feet below the surrounding ground.

A number of interesting and instructive implements have been found, which include quartz scrapers, stone saws and other implements of slate, part of a clay mould for making pins, fragments of pottery, a small bronze strap end, grain, chisels of bone, also pieces of clay moulds for making socketed axes and swords. As the excavations proceed there is little doubt that still further discoveries of great interest will be made at Jarlshof.

It is of interest to mention that Jarlshof, which is a windswept ruin, was so named by Sir Walter Scott when he wrote *The Pirate*. Formerly it was known as "The Lord's Houses," having been built on the top of the prehistoric ruins, without knowledge of them being there, by Earl Robert Stewart, the father of Earl Patrick Stewart who built Scalloway Castle.

These broch sites have engaged the attention of a large number of Scottish archæologists, including Dr. Robert Munro, who comments, in his *Prehistoric Scotland*, that only a few of the brochs show any considerable portion of their walls above the fallen débris, the rest looking like dilapidated tumuli or cairns. Sometimes, indeed, a cultivated hillock, over which the plough has regularly passed for centuries, conceals beneath it the well-defined foundations of a broch. Of their present ruined condition the broch at Ousdale, Caithness, excavated by Mr. James Mackay in 1891, furnishes a good example. The situation and general appearance of the ruins are thus described: "It stands on a prominent eminence near the confluence of the Ousdale and Borgue burns, one mile from the Ord of Caithness, four miles from Berriedale, and about 400 yards from the sea, commanding a good sweep of the latter. On one side it is protected by the steep precipice of the Borgue burn, and on the remaining sides by ramparts consisting of a well-built wall about 8 ft. thick and faced apparently with a dry ditch. The outworks surround the tower on three sides, and show signs of a second occupancy by a later and inferior race. The style of building of the hut-circles, of which the outworks are composed, is to a certain extent copied from that of the original broch in so far as the overlapping of the stones for the purpose of forming arches consist, and they were probably built with material taken from the tower after it had fallen into ruins. The broch presented the usual appearances of a grass-covered mound."

Dr. Munro comes to the following conclusion, regarding the brochs, with one which the present discoveries are associated:

The brochs are allied by their structural characteristics to the Celtic and not to the Norwegian groups of stone monuments, in which no instance of a vaulted chamber ever occurs.

ELEPHANT AT WORK

The menace of the machine spreads eastwards. The sound of the petrol engine is in every land, and where for centuries there has been heard only the ancient noise of primitive labour, there is now to be heard the chug-chug of machinery and combustion engines. Through every land the machine is superseding the animal. But it is probable that in one department at least the animal will remain supreme.

The exception is the elephant, piling timber. The great beasts of the jungle, subdued to man's will, still go about their work in the way honoured by centuries of tradition. The American agricultural machine has met its match. There has been devised no engine with the ingenuity and the ability of the elephant's trunk. And it can be surmised that for centuries still the "hathi piling teak" will be one of the sights of the East as he was in Kipling's romantic days, before the era of mechanics.

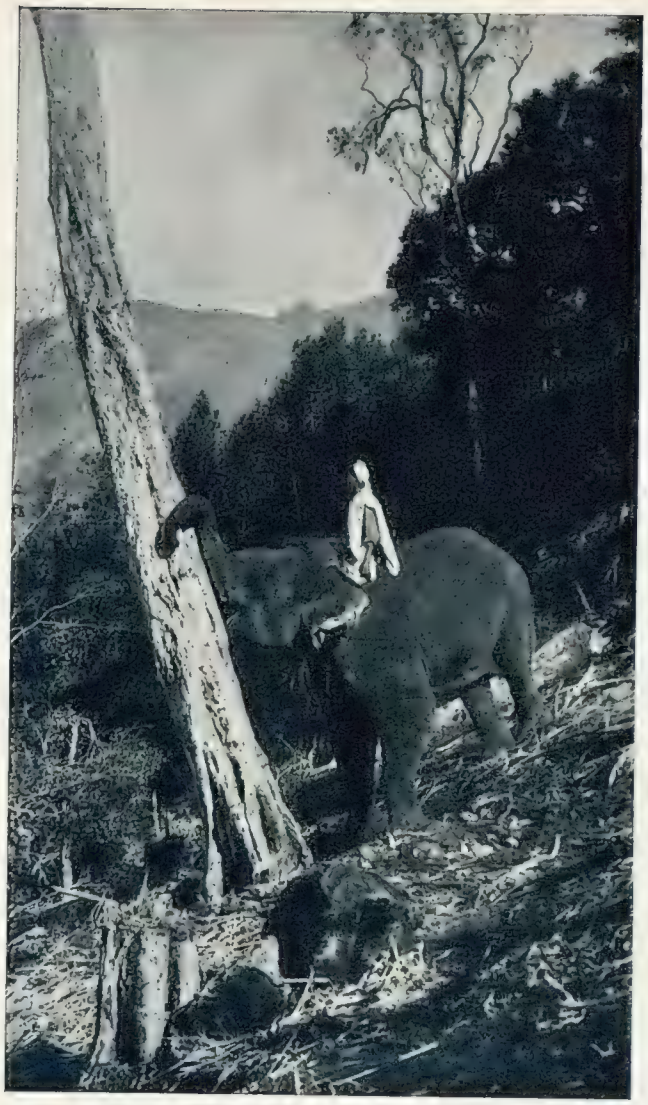
Possibly the working elephant is seen at his best in Burma; but in Ceylon, where the accompanying pictures were taken, he works steadily, ignorant of the menace of the machine, at piling and moving the great logs that come down from the jungles of the blessed island. His knowledge is swiftly learned and uncanny in its completeness. Trained from the wild terror of the jungles he soon becomes accustomed to the orders of man.

The rounding up of the wild elephant is itself one of the most thrilling and interesting sights of the East. The "kheddah" as the hunt and capture are called, relies on the sagacity of the trained animal, which helps his master and induces his wild brothers to enter the enclosure. There are rogues and there are hopeless cases, but in the majority the elephant newly introduced to the yoke of man's work submits willingly, and shows himself ingenious and eager to learn his new tasks.

Very soon he is obeying quickly the commands of his mahout. He answers to every pressure of the pronged stick. He moves his huge bulk carefully about his tasks, and the great trunk is ever busy picking up the logs and placing them with an almost mathematical accuracy in the desired position for piling. Fabulous stories are told of his intelligence, and these are by no means spoiled by their elaboration by the men who come to look upon the elephant as a friend and a lovable beast. Many of these stories have passed into legend, and there are tales told to the visitor to Ceylon which tax credulity to the uttermost.

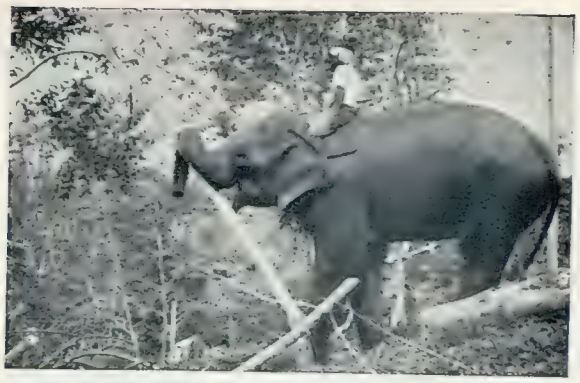
Perhaps the most fantastic is that of the elephant who returned to the jungle after escaping from his fellow captors. It is said that, years afterwards, scouts sent out into the jungle after fresh giants for the work of man, found huge piles of trees uprooted and laid in neat piles in the midst of the jungle. The elephant, an unwilling slave, had nevertheless carried his education back with him, and his brain had retained the everyday necessity for piling tree-logs. The authenticity of this story is doubtful, and it is more than probable that the legend grew out of the affection that many of the Ceylon workers have for the great beast who is their chief ally.

There are other countless stories of the hereditary instinct being shown in working elephants. Instances are frequently given—but never traced—of elephants seeming to be trained to the work as soon as they were strong enough for the job. They had never seen the work done before, says rumour. They had never been taught. Yet at the first attempt they seemed to know their task, as if the trick of the trade had been passed down from their parents.



TRUNK *VERSUS* TRUNK! An elephant assails a tree, the roots of which have been cut by the coolies. It is with the inside of the trunk that the greatest pressure is exerted. The mahout speaks in "elephant language" and advises the great pachyderm where to attack the tree if the beast's instinct is at fault—a rare occurrence

PRELIMINARY INSPECTION: Elephants have a remarkable instinct for attacking a tree at the most vulnerable spot, and when used for dealing with logs, display an almost human intelligence in swinging the great lengths of wood, for they grip them at the mathematical point of balance giving themselves the minimum of strain



EASY WORK: A sapling of this type is a mere bagatelle to an elephant. Consequently, this method of clearing jungle is much more rapid and much less expensive than any other. One elephant can deal with 80-100 trees in three hours

THE SECOND MOVEMENT: The elephant, having bent the tree-trunk over with the inside of his trunk, plunges forward and brings his considerable weight to bear. This snaps the timber off short—and the elephant is taken by his mahout, who rides on his neck, to the next tree

THE *COUP DE GRÂCE* is given by the foot. Having bent the tree-trunk over, the elephant finally snaps the wood by treading on it with one gigantic fore-foot while steadying it with a grip of the trunk

TRUNK AND FOOT TOGETHER finally snap the sturdy sapling. More force is required to break a "green" tree than a fully grown trunk owing to the pliability of the former. Before the elephant assails timber, the outside roots are cut and the earth around the trunk is dug up by native labour

DUNLOP ENGLOP REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

Lady Drummond-Hay writes on

The WORLD at Large

EMANCIPATION. — Republican Spain is determined to recognize the "true equality of rights for both sexes." Within a week or so of the enfranchisement of Spanish women, a divorce bill was drafted by which, in addition to introducing a most liberal divorce law, guilty wives will be liable to pay alimony to their ex-husbands. The most fanatical feminist could not demand greater equality than that.

The Socialists defeated an attempt to postpone the enfranchisement of women for some five years by a majority of three votes. Spain is the first Southern European country to grant women full suffrage. In that she has overcome the maximum Latin prejudice against feminine emancipation, as many of her former repressive social customs and traditions were legacies from Moorish influence.

The most backward countries as regards feminine emancipation are now coming forward with reforms to improve the status of women. The Japanese Ministry of Education recently drew up a plan whereby Japanese girls will be placed on the same educational footing as boys in the special schools, university preparatory schools and the universities. This involves organizing a new educational system, which will necessitate sweeping changes in the existing regime. Authorities are even in favour of co-education in principle for all grades. They realize, however, that such a revolution in the social life of Japan, where free association between the sexes is disapproved, is not yet due.

Marriage reform is planned in Persia, one of the last strongholds of feminine repression. The Minister of Justice, M. Daver, has brought a Bill before the Persian Parliament to remedy the abuse of divorce being the man's prerogative. Hitherto, Persian women have had no means of gaining their freedom from even the most superlative villains. M. Daver's Bill allows three grounds upon which a wife may sue for divorce. Infidelity, however, is not one of them. Another proposal seeks to raise the age limit for marriage to 16 for women and 18 for men.

The meteoric emancipation of the Indian women is without precedent in history. From the secluded life of purdah and repression to active public aggression has been the matter of a couple of years.

Gandhi explained to me how it was possible. "The women of India, with few exceptions secluded from social and public life, had no customs, traditions or prejudices to overcome. As far as public activity is concerned, it amounts to the fact that yesterday they were not, and to-day they are. No necessity for an interim of heart-burning and ungraceful struggle. They could rush the purdah walls, hurl themselves from the gaps into a world of men and enemies, without self-consciousness, because there were no artificial standards or man-made codes to restrain or embarrass them in this new world where their presence had neither been reckoned upon nor catered for. Therefore, the Indian woman to-day, of most recent emancipation, is freer, more independent, a more valuable channel for enterprise and innovation than any of her western sisters."

X-RAY TRANSFORMATION. —Gardening enthusiasts flocking "back to the land" after Christmas will be glad to know how to transform annuals into perennials. It is all done by X-rays. At least, that is what the United States Department of Agriculture recently announced. Experts made the discovery that X-rays acting on a seed changed the resulting plant from an annual to a perennial. This surprising result may provide clues as to the process of evolution in Nature, the department's scientists believe.

A seed of the annual euchlæna, the closest relative to corn, was treated with X-rays for a few minutes and then germinated. The resulting plant began as an annual, but while still young it developed some of the characteristics of a perennial. Still later the annual part died, and the remaining part developed into a true perennial.

"There seems to be no reason to doubt that the new perennial can be propagated indefinitely from its roots," the department says. "Scientists regard it as a new species, and the behaviour of its seeds will be watched with interest. The discovery is important because it gives a possible clue to the evolutionary processes of Nature and may explain how perennials become perennials. No X-rays are known to have taken part in Nature's evolutionary processes, but somewhat similar short-wave radiation occurs from rocks in many parts of the earth's surface."

CHINESE POLITICAL MYOPIA. —"The Chinese are as idiotic as they are chaotic in their country. Public sentiment in America leans strongly in their favour, and here they are, making it so difficult for the American correspondents who were in Harbin, that they had to move on to Mukden under the Japanese," a famous American correspondent writes me from Harbin.

"Manchuria is as full of bandits as some dogs are full of fleas," he continues, claiming, with other newspaper friends of mine who rushed to Manchuria these last weeks, that anything they write about banditry or brigandage is deleted by the Chinese Censor. "The Hung-hutzes are within five miles of Harbin, and no one molests them. You hear a lot about the police being venal and standing in with the bandits. Garle, or Jarle, a Briton, Lietz and Blankmann, two Baltic Germans, captured by Hung-hutzes a few weeks ago, have just been released; 130,000 local dollars were paid for them. The bandits came down 20,000 dollars because they had captured one of them once before, and mulcted him of 20,000 dollars which they deducted this time. A few days ago they kidnapped at nine in the morning, near the Soviet Consulate, a young student named Wang, son of a wealthy father. Many people saw the kidnapping. Five or six policemen witnessed it, and made not a move. The boy screamed as the bandits dragged him into a car in broad daylight in one of Harbin's main streets." Citing similar occurrences, publication suppressed by the Censor, my friend remarks that Harbin is no longer the gay border city that it was some years ago.

"You hear ugly stories of the high-handed manner in which the Chinese treat the White Russians, people without country or protection. There are many thousands of them here, some miserably poor. You know, I have always been of the opinion that the manner in which the former Allies permitted the Chinese to treat the White Russians after the revolution in Russia was one of the blackest crimes against the white race. White men thrown into jail and beaten by yellow men. White women, sometimes very beautiful, being forced to sell themselves to Chinese, or starve. Then they wonder, back there in Europe and America, why the prestige of the White Race is gone in Asia. The British wonder why they are losing in India. The League wonders why Japan dare flaunt it. . ."

SANE PATRIOTISM.— "Because we have indulged in national arrogance, finding satisfaction in our power over others rather than in our ability to serve them; forgive us our trespasses."

Such the special form of prayer authorized by the dioceses of Canterbury and York wherewith to gird ourselves spiritually to meet the New Year. The most uncertain, difficult, threatening twelve months for Empire, nation and individual, within memory of the active generations. Not excepting the war years. A prayer in the traditional Christian spirit which will, I am sure, be uttered in deep sincerity by the clergy, and echoed with conviction by a proportion of the congregations. The devil may tempt others away from the purity of the ideal by flashes of self-conscious hypocrisy and doubt. Philosophy is frequently the enemy of formal religion.

I do not think I shall be alone in inability to subscribe "Amen" to this particular petition and remain honest with myself. Time and again, in these columns, I criticize British institutions and their institutors; draw attention to, and often praise, the foreigner and his ways. Nationalistic readers sometimes object. But they cannot impinge upon my patriotism, which I strive to keep free from nationalistic delusions.

I do not allow that Britain has indulged in "national arrogance," or that the travail of her Empire-building and maintenance has afforded her undue and guilty satisfaction in her power over others, rather than in ability to serve them. That is a libel on British ideals, on her pioneers, her Empire-builders, on her dead heroes and the gallant living. The libel is especially prejudicial at this moment. It is not an arrow of fear, envy, or jealousy from outside. Coming from inside, on Church authority, it can have a deleterious effect on mass-psychology. For months we have been combating national depression, pessimism, loss of confidence, and waning faith. National morale had sunk low indeed before stark reality shocked us back into activity. The last Election, abandonment of the Gold Standard, the bogey Budget, burden of Income-tax have weighed national stamina and courage. In the weighing they have not been found wanting. Britain has offered the world a triumph of tenacity and faith. That is at present one of the finest forms of world service.

Moscow's "China Wall" to be Destroyed: *The great defence against the Tartar bandits, built in the reign of Ivan the Terrible, has been condemned by a council of artists and architects to make room for bus and tram traffic across the river. A fifteenth century church is also to vanish*

Berlin has a White Christmas: *To add to the tragedies of want in the German capital, the weather has turned bitter. Icy flurries of snow enhance the misery of the poor and unemployed, and even the relief work is hampered by the white mantle*

The "Hunger-Marchers" Abandon their Vehicles: *The unemployed parade which went from New York to Washington, D.C., travelled by lorry, but the "marchers" disembarked at the D.C. frontier and covered the last few miles on foot*

"Miss France's" First Official Duty *was to pay a visit to the blinded heroes of the War. Mlle Line Caisson de Sousa (Miss France 1932) is seen in a black fur coat. The Queen of Beauty of Montmartre is just behind her in sash and frilled cap*

THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: The church was built in A.D. 342 while the walls were constructed nearly two centuries later by the great legislating Emperor, Justinian

OFF the BEATEN TRACK in EGYPT

Owing to the fall in the pound sterling a very large number of people, who previously wintered in the South of France or Italy, will have to cut foreign travel out of their programme this year, and for patriotic as well as economic reasons the huge sum of money that normally finds its way into the pockets of hotel-keepers on the Côte d'Azur should this winter be expended as far as possible in our own southern spas and seaside resorts. There are, however, those who for reasons of health are compelled to get away from the rigours of the English climate during the very trying months of January and February, and when selecting a suitable place the question of the value of the pound sterling is all important.

Previously Egypt has been regarded as an expensive holiday resort, owing to the cost of getting there and the rather high rates charged by the leading hotels, but this year Egypt should come into its own, as, though it may not be common knowledge, the Egyptian pound is tied to the sterling, and the pound in Egypt is worth exactly the same to-day as it was last year, and in addition there has been a considerable reduction in the cost of everything.

One of the advantages of the South of France was that a keen motorist could travel practically the whole way to his destination by road and save the hire of a taxi whilst on his holiday by using his own car. The objection to Egypt used to be that one could not take one's own car to the country, and therefore had to travel everywhere by rail and hire local taxis—and perhaps there is nothing quite so nerve-racking to a skilled motorist as being driven by an Oriental driver on a dangerous road.

In recent years, however, considerable improvement has taken place in Egyptian roads, and Alexandria, Port Said, and Suez are all connected with Cairo by very fair highways on which an average of thirty miles an hour can be maintained. At the same time the rates for shipping cars have been considerably reduced and range from £7 to £14 according to the size of the car, and whether it is transported from London, Marseilles, Genoa, or Venice.

To many people the great charm about Egypt is not so much the tombs and temples—which are, of course, unique—or the gaiety of Cairo, but rather the opportunity of travelling in the desert and seeing some of the wonderful antiquities that lie far away in the wilderness—such as Petra, the lost city of the Nabbateans; the Monastery of St. Catherine in Sinai, the site of the Giving of the Law and also one of the oldest occupied buildings in the world; and Siwa, the remote and beautiful oasis of the western desert.

Apart from the charm of driving through scenery absolutely different from that met with on ordinary roads, and the novelty, not to say delight, of having the track to oneself, all these journeys can be made by the owner of a car at the cost of his petrol and lubricating oil, and, incidentally, petrol in Egypt is usually about 1s. 3d. per gallon.

If it is desired whilst in Egypt to visit also Palestine and Jerusalem, the motorist can in a trip of fourteen days or so see everything worth seeing in the Holy Land from Dan to Beersheba and from Jericho to Haifa. A first-class desert road has been opened up from Suez across the Sinai Desert, the scene of the Forty Years' Wanderings, and in two days from Cairo, with a night spent in a comfortable desert rest-house in Sinai, one can arrive in Jerusalem in time for tea. The actual distance is only 334 miles, and the economy effected over railway fares is such that one arrives in Palestine imagining that one is a millionaire.

NATURE IN MAJESTIC MOOD glimpsed on the Pass of Akaba *en route* to Transjordan

A LITTLE-KNOWN SETTLEMENT: The quay and village of Akaba

THE GULF OF AKABA: This is seen from Dahab on the Sinai coast

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

JAMAICA for W

"The Brightest Jewel in the Br is" Phrase Coined about this

Now that the cold, dark days are upon us, those who habitually spend their winters in the sunny lands of Southern Europe must be considering their plans. Recent events have made it difficult for them to go abroad, and patriotism urges them to remain at home in order to help their own people, and yet, in many cases, reasons of health necessitate the avoidance of an English winter. To these I would suggest a visit to Jamaica, which possesses a winter climate superior to any to be found in Europe, and where they would not only be spending their money among their fellow-subjects, but benefiting one of the oldest and most loyal portions of the Empire, now passing through difficult times.

Jamaica is served by two direct lines from England, the Jamaica Planters and Elder Fyffes. The voyage lasts but thirteen days, the ships are comfortable, and the fares moderate. Most sea trips are boring, and this is no exception to the rule, but dull days are forgotten when in the early dawn one rounds Port Royal Point, and the full sweep of the Blue Mountains comes into view, rising steeply from green plains, the valleys in deep shadow and the peaks capped with rosy clouds. A pause at Port Royal for inspection by the health officer and then across the magnificent harbour to where Kingston sparkles in the rising sun.

BATHING IN A WATERFALL: A scene at once gay and indolent on the Dunns River—typical of Jamaica's delights

The hotels are numerous with prices suited to every purse. For those who wish for the bustle of a town, there is a Myrtle Bank, close to the landing stage, with shady garden to the water's edge and swimming pool. Six miles away, several hundred feet up, are Constant Spring and Manor House, where visitors will find lovely grounds and a golf course, and last but not least, there is Maryfield, on the Hope Road, where for a pound a day one can enjoy quiet comfort, excellent food, and a deep verandah on which one can sit in the ubiquitous "rocker" and watch the humming birds swiftly darting from flower to flower.

Jamaica provides climates in great variety, according to the height at which one elects to live. On the plains, though the days may be hot, the nights are deliciously cool, and in the high hills a fire is agreeable. At Moneague, where there is a good hotel, the temperature is that of an English summer (the kind we always hope for, and so rarely get)!

In short the climate is one where white people and their children thrive, and for those suffering from bronchial or pulmonary complaints it is particularly beneficial. There is plenty of medical testimony as to its great value in such cases. There are several mineral springs in the island; the one at Milk River should be far more widely known than it is, for it is one of the most remarkable in the world, and astonishing cures of chronic rheumatism, gout and liver complaints are vouched for. The water emerges from the rock at a temperature of 92 F.; it is saline and highly radio-active. The establishment is unpretentious but clean and quite sufficiently comfortable and has the merit of being exceedingly inexpensive.

Nor is amusement lacking, and Jamaicans are proverbially hospitable. For the young there are dancing, tennis, polo, etc.; the sportsman can have his fill of racing; tarpon and other big fish abound in the rivers; crocodiles also can be shot or caught on a line; and pigeon, duck and teal shooting is to be had.

INTER VISITORS

ish Crown" is a Justly Famous Delightful West Indian Island

The rich vegetation and varied lepidoptera would appeal to the botanist and entomologist, and the glorious scenery delight the lover of Nature. Sunstroke is unknown, there are no poisonous snakes, and few noxious insects, and it can be confidently recommended as a winter resort for invalids.

Jamaica is fortunate is possessing many and excellent roads, and motors can easily be hired. The native chauffeur is civil and efficient and it is possible to hire a car for £2 per day, which includes the pay, board and lodging of the driver, and the petrol, oil and upkeep of the car. There is a fine road up through the Blue Mountains and down to the sea on the north side, providing matchless views over plain and sea. Then along the palm-fringed coast to Ocho Rios, where Shaw Park Hotel, with its beautiful grounds and open-air ballroom demands a visit. Further on is Dry Harbour where Columbus first landed, and inland from there a road runs through the extraordinary Cockpit country, which is a maze of densely wooded precipitous hills and deep and equally precipitous bowl-like depressions, in former times the refuge of runaway slaves.

Montego Bay offers bathing which cannot be excelled anywhere. Every arrangement is made for the comfort and convenience of bathers, and there are few pleasanter ways of spending a morning than

ON THE RIO COBRE: The great irrigation dam, one of Jamaica's finest examples of modern engineering

sun-bathing on the soft wide sand, alternating with swimming in the clear warm water.

Many names celebrated in English history are associated with Jamaica. Penn and Venables, Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, Rodney, Benbow, and Nelson all played their parts in the island history. In the former naval dockyard at Port Royal, now, alas! abandoned to decay, is what is known as Nelson's quarter-deck, up and down which the Admiral must have paced many and many a time. There is a tablet to his memory in the wall of the building close by with the following inscription: "In this place dwelt Horatio Nelson. You who tread in his footprints remember his glory." On the mainland opposite Port Royal, which lies at the end of the long spit of land forming Kingston harbour, is the grave of a man, one Lewis Galdy, whose claim to fame lies in the fact that in the great earthquake of 1692 he was swallowed up by one shock, then by another thrown out into the sea, whence he escaped by swimming to a boat. He survived this devastating experience by forty-seven years.

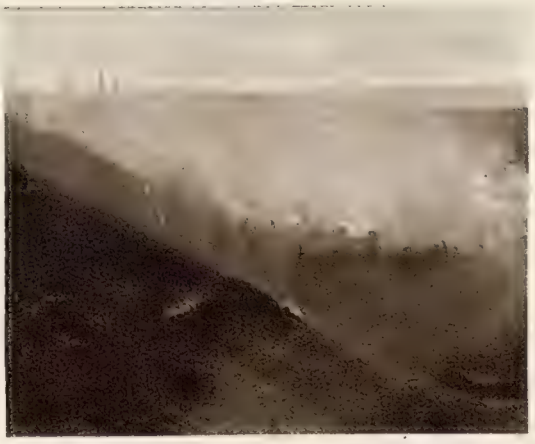
At the Jamaica Institute in Kingston there is a museum and an interesting collection of portraits of people connected with the social, political, and literary history of the colony. There is also a large open-air cinema, where the latest productions of Hollywood are shown even before they reach Europe. But when enumerating the attractions of this most favoured island one's memory always dwells on its amazing beauty. What can be more entrancing than a tropical night, with the cicadas shrilling, and myriads of fireflies stabbing the darkness with their tiny lights, while a fresh little breeze from the distant hills cools the heated earth? Or what more lovely than the sight of mountains, plains, and sea, bathed in moonlight of a brilliancy that no dwellers in these latitudes can picture? One may travel far and wide without finding any place to surpass Jamaica, the land of springs, well named "the brightest jewel in the British Crown."

MORECAMBE SANDS: A picture taken while waiting for a train at Grange-over-Sands. A daily coach service used to run over the eight miles of sands before the railway was built

FROM THE ESK VIADUCT: This was taken at about 6.30 p.m. travelling at 15 m.p.h.

MUD AND MOUNTAINS: A view near Scaw Fell, taken just before 7 p.m.

A GREY DAY in November at 1 p.m. was responsible for this Lake District study



"THE SUPPER REEK": An evening impression of an industrial town

VIADUCT VIGNETTES

Everybody has a camera these days, and nearly all take the camera with them when they travel on holiday bent. A railway journey can be very boring, but the monotony can be pleasantly relieved by taking snapshots from the window as the train passes, at suitable speed, through suitable country. Who has not reflected many a time and oft, while passing some beautiful or interesting bit of scenery, "What a picture that would make! I wish I could make an exposure"?

And so you can, if you pick suitable places and times; it is not much use, for example, trying to obtain a reasonably sharp picture of a wayside station as your train roars through it at 70 m.p.h., but if you choose places where the engine-driver has to slow down there are some most interesting records of a journey to be had. Of course, if you have a fast anastigmat lens, working at very wide aperture and a focal plane shutter working at 1/1500th second, then you can take snapshots anywhere, provided there is a reasonably good light, but an outfit of this sort is in the luxury class, and few amateur snapshotters possess such. A few notes taken as the journey progresses, the log, so to speak of your trip, can be written up later and, with accompanying prints, make a very pleasant form of remembrance of journeys taken for business or pleasure.

The cheaper forms of pocket cameras limit one rather severely as to subject, for the aperture of the lenses is small and necessitates full exposures being given, so that snapshotting taken with cameras of this sort with the train in motion, except possibly in the finest of brilliantly fine summer weather when the train is moving very slowly, is out of court. Many, however, of present-day moderate-priced cameras have lenses with an aperture of f6 or f4.5, and shutters which give exposures of 1/250th second, and thus armed you can attempt much more ambitious subjects with the train at a speed of up to 25 or 30 m.p.h. It is a great advantage to know the line you are travelling on, because you are then prepared for suitable places where engine speeds allow of successful results being reasonably possible. The fastest obtainable films or plates should be used, for though they cost a trifle more they are very well worth the extra in the increased power they put in the photographer's hand and the wider latitude they provide against loss of pictures owing to errors in exposure, which in photography of this sort of speed class will be practically invariably on the side of under-exposure, so that the very fast emulsion now obtainable for films as well as plates is a great asset, making possible exposures which a few years ago would have been useless with roll-film cameras of the type mostly used by average amateurs.

There are certain lines and districts which offer far greater facilities in the way of suitable scenery than others: when the train is stopped by signal, for instance, on the outskirts of a big, smoky town. You can frequently pick up something quite worth while in such an unpromising spot as this, if only a study of smoke and chimneys, or blast-furnaces with their mystery of smoke and ruddy glow, or the spectral winding-gear of collieries outlined stark and grim against an angry sky. If the train is at a standstill you can give sufficient exposure and get, with luck, something rather out of the common and arresting. Barges slowly loafing along the oily stream of an inland waterway, or the water-borne traffic of a busy estuary, are possibilities in other districts. Cuttings (and trains all seem fond of stopping in cuttings when signals are against them) are not fruitful as a rule in subjects, though I once saw a wonderful little snapshot of a signal-man pulling over his levers, taken in a dismal cutting from the window of a railway carriage with a box Brownie II camera.

OVER CANADIAN CLOUDS

The three pictures in this column were taken by "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in Canada on the occasion of the first aerial passenger flight from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, staged by Canadian Airways, Ltd. The weather conditions were grim, 27 deg. below zero being registerd at McAdam Junction. The letters were delivered within 72 hours—a task that would have taken six weeks but a century ago. Ski-runners were affixed to the 'plane in the Far West

OUTWARD BOUND: "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in Canada with the great mail-plane at Hamilton, Ontario. The snow here does not necessitate ski-runners

THE SKI-RUNNERS affixed for landing and taking off in the Far West—a scene taken at the U.S. airport at Pembina on the North Dakotan border

THE GRID-IRON, in which all new cities in the Americas are built, is clearly seen in this aerial view of Calgary, Alberta, in the foothills of the Rockies

A MARINE TERROR

THE SUCKERS ON THE TENTACLES, each of which exerts a considerable pressure. An octopus is so jellified that one has been known to slide through a creel

FEET GALORE! A huge haul of octopus hanging out to dry. Octopus is sold in the East both fresh and dried, and small octopi are considered a great delicacy in Italy

REPOSE: The octopus in characteristic attitude, resembling an elephant gone jellified. The siphon tube, through which water is expelled, is seen below the eye

"THE COLOSSAL POLYPUS" of the ancient cartographers engulfs a three-masted ship—a legend that persisted for many years as an actuality of the sea

Octopus has always exerted a considerable fascination upon the public dating, possibly from the ancient cartographers who recorded travellers' tales of the giant polypus; possibly from Victor Hugo's masterpiece, "The Toilers of the Sea." Octopus is not only a dangerous, but also a profitable marine monster, for while he is capable of destroying man, he is also caught for bait, and, in certain areas, for food. He is akin to cuttle-fish, and can change colour like a chameleon

GREENLAND'S MODERN GIRLS

Greenland is a country much in the public eye at the moment, owing to the two great expeditions of last year. It will come as a surprise to learn that members of the Danish Civil Service are constantly on duty in that icy region, going from settlement to settlement dealing with the Eskimos' teeth. It will also come to many with something of a shock to learn that Eskimos are employed in factories, more especially in the fish-tinning industry recently inaugurated among "Greenland's Icy Mountains"

DANISH DENTISTS at work on the teeth of Eskimos. The work of these women civil servants is probably unique; they travel throughout the year from settlement to settlement looking after natives' teeth

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED ESKIMO WILL WEAR! Long boots and trousers of polar-bear skin are common to both sexes among the inhabitants of Thule

MISS 1931 IN GREENLAND: A young Eskimo girl working a modern machine in a fish cannery, one of the few Greenland industries

FOLLOWING HOUNDS

A HUNTING AUTHORESS: Miss Moyra Charlton, aged thirteen, with Patch, the canine hero of one of her two novels

THE ERIDGE; Lord Abergavenny leading the field through Eridge Warren. The country lies in Sussex and adjoins that of the West Kent on the North; of the Burstow on the West; of the Ashford Vale on the East; and of the Southdown and East Sussex on the South. It is largely bank and ditch country and is commendably free from wire

THE COTTESMORE: Mrs. Guy Fenwick and Mrs. Sitwell, both of whom ride side-saddle, out with the Cottesmore at Loddington Mill

CHILLY WORK FOR THE GARTH: Crossing a stream during the meet at Mole, Arborfield, near Wokingham, Berks. The country lies in three counties—Berks, Hants, and Surrey—and is bank and hedge and ditch country. The Garth dates from 1790, and the country as now constituted has existed for the last eighty years

AN EXTEMPORE HAZARD: Followers had to pass under a fallen tree in the Monkton Woods when the Cowdray met at Didling

OVER THE DOWNS: Will Shearman, the huntsman, and a few of the fifty couple of hounds of the Cowdray during the meet at Didling, near Bepton, Sussex. The country is mainly downs and large woods and there is a certain amount of wire. The hunt dates only from 1922 and includes the territory originally hunted by the Goodwood and later by Lord Leconfield

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The ceiling in the lounge hall is recessed and decorated with a fresco by Nicolas de Molas. Two fine Coromandel screens suggest a division between the entrance hall and lounge. A flying bird carved in wood stands on a modern chest

All trace of Victorianism has vanished from the staircase. This has been replaced by white walls, a jade-green carpet, and ornamental trees—an effect that happily blends both classicism and modernism

The TRANSFORMATION of a VICTORIAN HOUSE

The exterior of Mrs. Woolley-Hart's house is exactly the same as all the others in Princes Gate, but once inside the front door and you find that it—

Has suffered a sea change,
Into something rich and strange.

Outside Victorian, inside the house, modern beauty.

A small lobby leads into a lounge hall spacious and beautiful. The main feature of this room is the ceiling, which is recessed and decorated with a fresco by Nicolas de Molas. The walls are painted a delicate lemon yellow, while the floor is of a buff-coloured stone composition, with a border of amusing animal designs inlaid in dark brown. The curtains are of silver American cloth, and the armchairs and sofas are covered with the same material. Above the fireplace is a small illuminated aquarium which, along with modern lamp standards, two lovely Coromandel screens, and a flying bird beautifully carved in wood by Maurice Lambert, adds to the beauty and interest of this essentially modern room.

A small cocktail bar, which has been decorated in a novel way, opens off the lounge. The walls are covered with a rich sapphire-blue straw, and the bottles which adorn the shelves are indirectly lit from behind. The chromium-plated stools are covered with a zebra-striped fabric.

The dining-room, which also opens off the lounge, is a striking contrast to the modern decoration of the two rooms just described. It is a period room, the wall panelled in natural oak on which hang portraits by old masters. The excellent taste of the owner has eliminated all superfluous ornamentation, and the result is a room which is very restful, its charm enhanced by the contrast it affords to the rest of the house.

The staircase is one of the most beautiful and interesting things in the house, and in its present condition bears no resemblance whatsoever to its Victorian predecessor. A lift shaft runs up through the centre, and this, with the solid balustrading, the ceilings and the walls, has been painted white.

M. I. B.

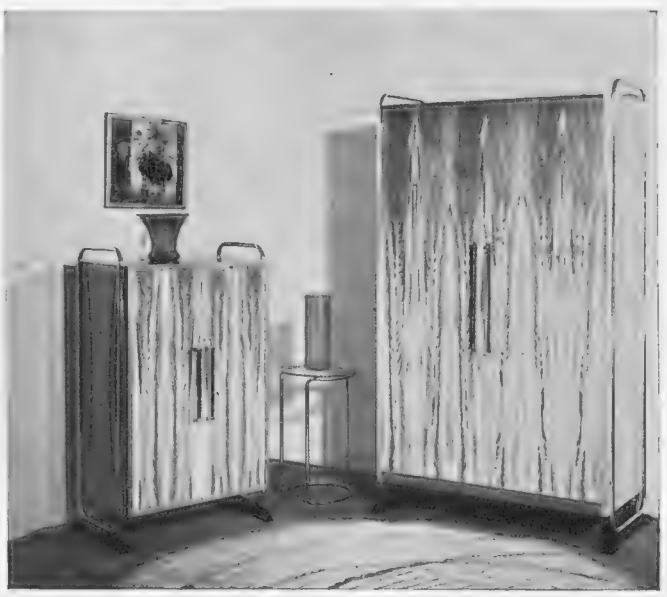
Orange, black and silver, with panels of mirror-glass, form the colour-scheme of the drawing-room. To harmonize, the piano is painted silver. The fire-dogs and overmantel are in ebonized wood, as are the supporting carvings to the side-tables. The wall mirrors have lunettes, matching the windows

Millar Harris

The walls of the cocktail bar are lined with sapphire-blue straw, while the chromium-plated stools are covered with zebra-striped material

NEW IDEAS in MODERNISTIC FURNISHING

THE LATEST IN FIREPLACES: A mantelpiece designed by Mr. C. A. Richter of Bath and constructed of limed oak, shaped to resemble tiered slats or mouldings. Above, needlework panel showing an entirely new technique



A MODERN RIVAL TO JOSEPH'S COAT: Furniture designed by Mr. C. A. Richter of Bath and constructed of multi-coloured birch which was dyed by a new process of colouring the sap when the tree was growing

Two of the latest suggestions of the modernist effect are illustrated here.

First, there is an unusual mantelpiece constructed of limed oak. The actual fireplace surround is of cream-coloured stone, and the mantel is shaped as though built up with a series of slats or simple mouldings; it is remarkably striking in effect. This fireplace makes a quite distinguished feature for a not too pretentious living-room or bedroom.

Above the fireplace is seen a needlework tapestry, whose pictorial effect is achieved by means of loosely threaded strands of coloured wools on linen.

The second picture illustrates a new departure in furniture made with coloured wood. The bedroom suite depicted is constructed of birch skilfully combined with chromium-plated fittings and the timber is a wonderful example of colouring. Yellow, orange, soft shades of brown and red, green, and blue, are wonderfully mingled in the figure of the birch wood.

The colouring is the result of a new process which has just been perfected. The timber of the living tree was stained during its growth by placing certain chemicals round the roots. The effect of these chemicals is to colour not only the timber in the trunk but even the foliage.

B. B.

MODES of WINTER

THE DIVIDED SKIRT here is seen with a bodice featuring the one-sided wrap-over mode. Ornate ear-rings provide a contrast to the simple lines of the frock

FRONT VIEW AND BACK VIEW of an evening gown in blue and silver brocade. It is patterned in a simple style, with a poplum-flared and low-necked bodice and a skirt with a shirred and gathered circular flounce

SILVER RHINESTONES lend a coruscant effect to this chiffon evening gown worn by Miss Anita Page. Silver slippers and a silver and crystal necklet enhance the effect

THE BOLERO, with a scarf collar, is a feature of this evening gown in crêpe marocain which has an undeniable touch of chic in every line

THE GLORY OF SABLE is exploited with great effect in this three-quarter length coat, the flared skirt of which is banded, while the upper portion of the sleeves is fashioned entirely of the fur

THE BEAUTY OF ERMINE is shown in this evening coat with its softly rolling collar. The removal of the little black tails gives it an additional distinction

THE STEEP WAY to KASHMIR

APPROACHING KASHMIR: This particular bend on the road to the lovely vales of Kashmir lies near the summit of the Banihal Pass. Ridge rises above ridge, and finally snow-clad heights cap the view

SEEN EN ROUTE TO KASHMIR: A dizzy bridge which supports a timber slide from forests adjacent to the road. Long timber struts support the platform

HAIR-RAISING HAIRPIN TURNS: These are characteristic of the roads leading from the Plains in the N.W. frontier province. You climb towards the heights by means of a series of turns and twists which stagger the imagination. How did the first roadmakers decide on such a route? In this view, there is an interesting short cut for beasts of burden visible on the right

MURREE, NORTHERN INDIA.

I have found the slowest motor road in the world. For when you come up this winding corkscrew to the hills, you proceed at exactly twice walking pace for over twenty miles. The whole road is a police trap. Every car is timed. The twenty miles takes three hours. And there is no possibility of taking a risk with the police force and exceeding the limit.

In point of fact, the journey is now as slow as when all transport was by the native pony cart. It is a little faster by private car, for a speed over the whole distance of fifteen miles an hour is permitted. But the lorries patronized by the Indians, which used to tear up and down the short distance to Rawal Pindi, sweltering in the Plains, have been put under a strict ban, and are obliged to travel most of the journey in second gear.

Yet even now this road, leading up into the cool heights of Kashmir, is not safe. It has approximately 100 yards uninterrupted straight. It lies in coils below you as you climb and is roughly twenty times longer than the direct climb. It climbs 7,000 ft. in the twenty miles, and few are the cars which arrive at the top without that sinister hissing that indicates boiling water in the radiator.

The road is shut for motor cars at nightfall and closed to bullock carts at dawn. It gives a twenty-four hour service, therefore, is one of the most expensive roads in the world to maintain, and has caused more hair-raisings, heart attacks, ruined digestions, wholesale blasphemings, and general vituperation than any stretch of rough macadam in existence. For it leads from the Plains to the cool heights, a journey made by men whose tempers have been ruined by the sweltering months down below, or alternately from the heights to the Plains, a journey made by financially depressed officers of His Majesty's Army in India, who are returning from leave, neither of which journeys being conducive to good manners towards the many libertines of this historic road.

Even now it is dangerous, from the moment that the driver signs the book at the bottom of the hill, noting his time against his initials, till he signs the book in Murree market-place, meanwhile feverishly working out his average time in case he has exceeded on the wrong side by even a few seconds the time allowed for the trip.

For the Indian has discovered the motor lorry and the immense possibilities of loading it up to double its legal capacity, and he budgets nothing for oiling, greasing, and occasional repairs. Hence a sorry tale of runaway cars.

V. B.

BY THE BANKS OF JHELUM: At this turn on the road to Kashmir, one overlooks in interesting fashion the rushing stream of the Jhelum, tearing its way towards the sun-baked Plains

THE END OF THE JOURNEY: After the arduous ascent, there is the peace of Gulmarg, the favourite hill station with officers and their wives

SWAN & EDGAR

PICCADILLY CIRCUS—THE HUB OF THE WORLD

WINTER SALE

ALL STOCKS OF FASHIONS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE GENUINELY REDUCED

Send for Swan & Edgar's Sale Catalogue.

All-wool winter weight Vests or Pants in the natural shade. Beautifully soft in finish and remarkable value. Vests with long or short sleeves. Pants to ankle. Sizes: 34 to 40 ins., chest or waist. Each garment. **Sale Price** 6/11

Sizes: 42 and 44 ins. chest, **1/-** extra.

Special values in men's Socks. All-wool Cashmere Socks in black. Sizes: 10, 10½ and 11 ins. **Sale Price,** per pair **1/-**

6 pairs, **5/6**

Postage 6d

All-wool Fancy Cashmere, in neat designs on ground colours of blue, grey or brown. Sizes: 10, 10½ and 11 ins. **Sale Price** 1/6

6 pairs, **8/9**

Postage 6d.

All-wool 6/3 rib Cashmere Socks, close fitting to ankles. In fancy patterns on ground colourings of grey or brown. Usually 4/6. Sizes 10, 10½ and 11 ins. **Sale Price** 2/6

6 pairs, **14/6**

Wonderful value in men's Wincevette Pyjamas, very soft in finish. Fully cut and in smart fancy stripes of blue/grey, orange/grey or green/grey. Sizes: 38 to 44 ins. chest. **Sale Price** 5/6

Postage 6d.

Two suits for **10/-** post free.

Remarkable sale offer of men's Swan Stripe Pyjamas, in all-silk. Well cut and finished with two-way collar. In block stripes of blue, pink or helio on white grounds. Sizes: 38 to 44 ins. chest. **Sale Price** 20/-

Lustre Poplin Pyjamas in smart fancy stripes or plain colours. Sizes: 38 to 44 ins. chest. **Sale Price** 6/11

3 suits for **20/-**

All-wool Dressing Gown of exceptional value. Perfectly cut and tailored. One breast and two side pockets. Edges and pockets piped and corded to tone. Finished with heavy cord girdle. In smart check effects of blue, brown or wine. Sizes: 36 to 44 ins. chest. **Sale Price** 18/11

Rich quality **all-silk** Foulard Dressing Gowns (*as illustrated*). The favourite gown for travel, folding into the smallest space. Fringed end sash. In striking pine design on ground colours of dark blue, light blue or wine. Sizes: 36 to 44 ins. chest. **Sale Price** 29/6

Men's: Lower Ground Floor.

Dressing Gowns. Warm, perfect finish. In a large variety of wool cloths. In greys, fawns or fancy mixtures. Sizes: 34 to 44 ins. lengths. Usual prices 21/- to 30/- **Sale Price** 12/-

Sizes: 46 to 52 ins. lengths, **15/-**

Boys' heavy weight all-wool Vests and Drawers. Will be replaced if they shrink in washing. All sizes to fit ages 7 to 17 years. Each garment. **Sale Price** 3/6

3 for **10/-**

"Swan" Pyjamas. In wool mixtures and twill Ceylon Flannels. In block and fancy stripes. All sizes, 26 to 36 ins. chest. To fit ages 6 to 19 years. Usual prices 10/6 to 13/6 **Sale Price** 6/6

Also winter weight Pyjamas, in neat designs. Sizes: 26 to 36 ins. chest. **Sale Price** 4/-

3 for **11/9**

Youths' Marlboro' Jacket and Vest in good quality Black Vicuna Cloths. All sizes to fit ages 8 to 19 years. **Sale Price** 25/-

Fancy stripe Trousers to wear with above. In various neat designs. Sizes to fit ages 8 to 19 years. All sizes. Usual price 21/- **Sale Price** 15/6

Boys': Lower Ground Floor.

SWAN & EDGAR LTD., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1. 'PHONE: REGENT 1616

FLOTSAM *and* JETSAM *of* LONDON

(*Continued from p. 17*)

"I have earned just over £4 this week. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you very much indeed for all the trouble you have taken on my behalf and giving me another start in life.

"The more I work the happier I shall be."

Only three men last year were either unworthy, refused aid, or were re-arrested.

But come away from the offices of benevolent societies to St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Here you will get your final impression of the down-and-outs. Many of them seem really past praying for, as you stand at the entrance to the crypt at 9.30 p.m. any night of the week and watch them trail wearily in. According to the rules, they should not spend more than two consecutive nights there. But rules are meant to be broken—sometimes. Many of the men have come night after night for months. The crypt holds 130 men and 48 women. At least half the men are well educated—unfortunates who lost their jobs when the slump started, lived on their savings for a year or two, and now are penniless and homeless.

Miss Chandler, a uniformed woman who has been there nine years and has an amazing memory for faces, was telling me all about it last night. Derelict after derelict filed by, raised his cap, asked permission to go down-stairs, and disappeared in a kind of pathetic, apathetic gratitude.

"Quite a lot of them are musicians who lost their jobs when the Talkies came in," Miss Chandler was saying, just as a drunk young man came in. Before I could get up, she had strong-armed him out of the place, and two minutes later it was taking three policemen to take him off the steps of the church to Bow Street. She and Miss Costello are in complete charge of the crypts all night, and on only five occasions has there been any kind of trouble. There lie the down-and-outs snoring, dozing uneasily, occasionally talking wildly in their nightmare sleep.

As I looked at them, I remembered what an old convict had said to The Silver Lady when he asked her apologetically for a pair of boots six weeks ago. "Those there dahn-an'-arts," he scoffed, "they ain't got the guts to get put inside. Look at 'em, no proper clothes, no proper grub. Wot a life! Why can't they go to jug an' live decent?"

Yes, he had the courage of his convictions, and was back again in prison two days later.

Now laugh *that* one off!

ALL QUIET *in the* SUN

(*Continued from p. 7*)

The season is yet young, but it looks like being an early to bed Cannes, for although valiant efforts to be gala-ish are being essayed on the principle of "putting up a show," it is much of the same semi-residential affair as at Monte Carlo. Notably the cabarets, which thrived on our custom, have that despondent air. Yet if it is a case of Banquo's ghost at the tables, if the huge "palaces" on the Croisette are largely unbooked, if the dress designers wait in vain for Rolls and Hispaño, if idle motor-coaches abound and American bars mix two drinks before lunch, Cannes will probably pull through better than the others. No fewer than four kings or ex-kings are expected and that is bound to improve matters; I am sure that will stir some of *les snobs* from their *purée*. Besides, crisis or no crisis, there are still attractive creatures who simply must be seen at Cannes in February, and still will not lack elderly philanthropists liable to be led by the nose.

Possibly the reflection has occurred: "But surely they can stand one bad season after all the money they've been piling up?" They've already had one or two bad seasons. The whole Riviera was grossly over-produced. That is why the position is so delicate. Most of the profits went in the wildest speculation. It appears the finances of this coast would require not one but a couple of Basle committees. For that reason it is a vital matter how long the absent clientele may be detained elsewhere. The Riviera will probably weather this season. What might happen unless there came a turn in the tide next winter is open to conjecture.

NOTES and NEWS

A POPULAR CHAMPAGNE

Of the leading brands of champagne popular with the connoisseur in this country, there is none more eagerly sought than Bollinger's "Special Cuvée." A high-class wine at a moderate price, it has captured the taste of the discriminating public by sheer merit and is now in great request at the fashionable restaurants of the West End, where Society gathers nightly to dine and sup. At public and private receptions its popularity has been most marked.

There are, we understand, fair stocks now in the country and consumers need have no fear of a shortage of this excellent brand.

Hay Wrightson

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON!: Master Charles Higham, the eight-months old son of the distinguished publicist, Sir Charles Higham, is the image of his father. Young Charles is seen above with his mother, Lady Higham. Sir Charles and Lady Higham live alternately in London and at their charming place at Shere, Surrey

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are faced with the gravest anxiety because of a greatly reduced income, owing to the serious drop in subscriptions and donations. Will you make a New Year resolution to send a gift to assist the Society in the great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens of the Empire? 1,100 boys and girls are always being fed, clothed and educated. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Nature's Bulwark Against Rheumatism

VICHY-CÉLESTINS *Natural* Mineral Water is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism*. Drink Vichy-Célestins *regularly* at meals, and at any other period of the day.

Obtainable everywhere.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road
London, S.E.1

VICHY ETAT

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.,

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 9d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.

THE "PORTHOLE" CLOCK

FOR LOVERS OF THE SEA

This is a clock of singular originality and charm. Through the porthole (an exact replica in miniature of a ship's "window") the eye rests upon a brilliant seascape, and the illusion of looking out to sea is complete. The seascape is an *original* (not printed) painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., and no two clocks are therefore alike. As any picture can be painted to individual requirements, the owner of a clock can convert the porthole into a private "magic casement" peculiarly his own. The clock is made in polished brass and stands on a mahogany plinth. Height 9 ins.

Price £15 15 0

THE SPORTING GALLERY,

32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Mark all his clothes with Cash's NAMES

before he returns to school.

Prevents loss and confusion. Neat and permanent. Woven on fine cambric tape in twenty different styles of lettering in a large variety of colours and two widths of tape. The neatest and most efficient method of marking school outfits.
Obtainable from all leading drapers and outfitters.

12 dozen.	6 dozen.	3 dozen.
5/-	3/9	2/9

(It is most economical to order 12 dozen.)

Send for SAMPLES NOW

To J. & J. CASH Ltd. (Dept. N.C.5), Coventry

Please send me free samples and list of styles, also illustrated booklet "Lose Less Linen."

Name.....

Address.....

WEIRD STORIES

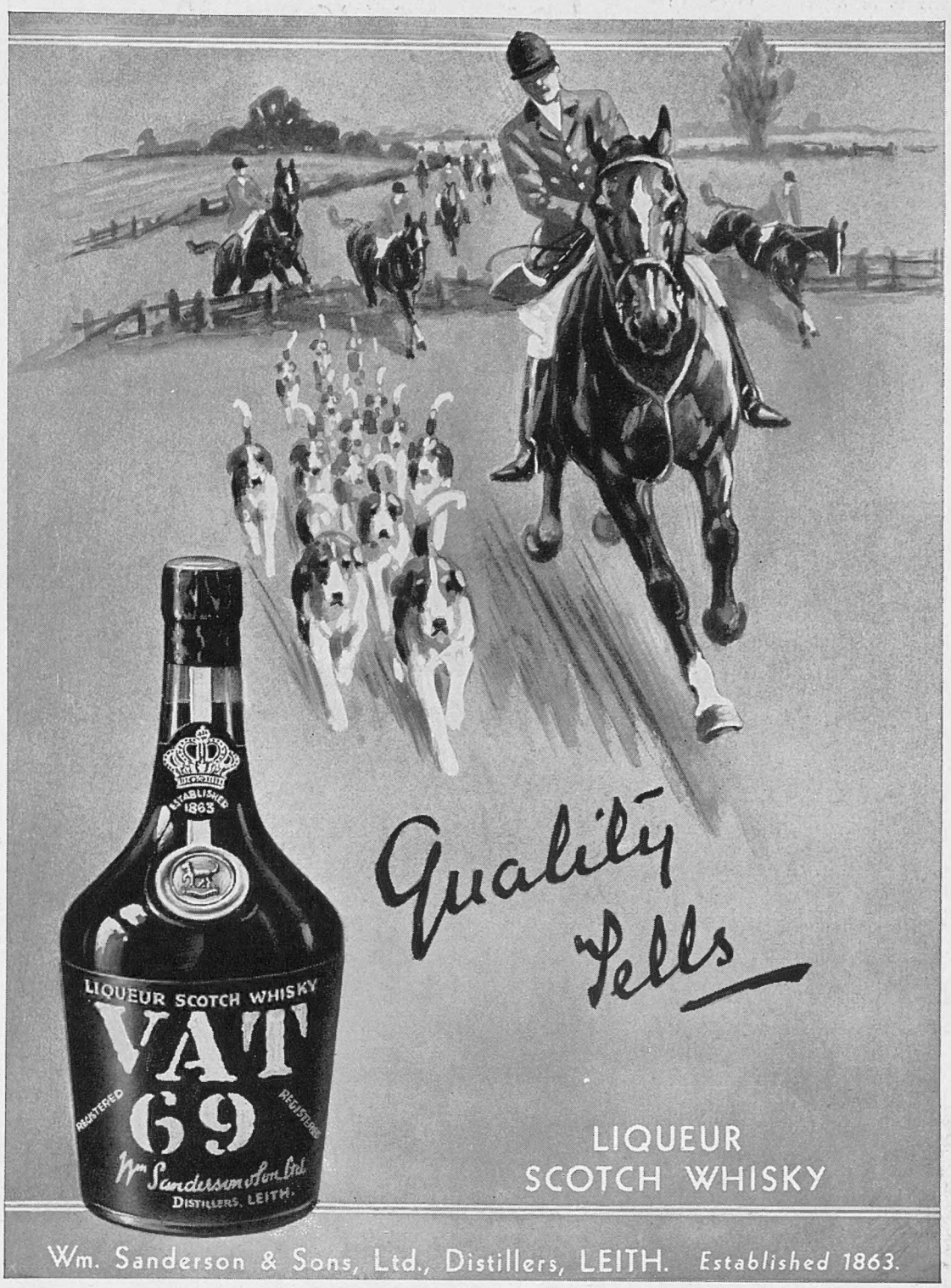
A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE 2/6 PER COPY
(Postage 4d. extra.)

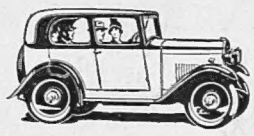
Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2



UNIQUE! PROVED!!

Not only does this unique Triumph Super Seven 4-door Pillarless Saloon give the ease of entry of a large car but the interior is also surprisingly roomy—price £157 10s. other models from £140. Write for details.



TRIUMPH

Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres standard

Triumph Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

Manufactured in England.

For Breakfast & after Dinner.
Stimulating, Refreshing.
Prevents Fatigue.
RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- & 4/-

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices.
G. H. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

SPORTING PRINTS.

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 32, King St., Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.

SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.

Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

The Petrol World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A SCOTTISH HOLIDAY.—It is really distressing to be compelled to confess that until a few weeks ago I had never been to Scotland by road; in fact my only previous visit across the Border was some years ago when I, in company with several other journalists, were the guests of the Ford Motor Company on a trip to Fort William, in order to witness the ascent of Ben Nevis by what was then the new Ford car. We had a thoroughly comfortable time, about sixteen of us, travelling in a special train made up of two sleepers and a saloon. We travelled by night on the journey up, and we returned to our train after the ascent by the car the following day, had our dinner, went to sleep, and were back again in London by the next morning. Scotland was in a good humour, and although I was able to see comparatively little of the scenery, the country we went through looked its best, as it was a hot September day with a cloudless sky.

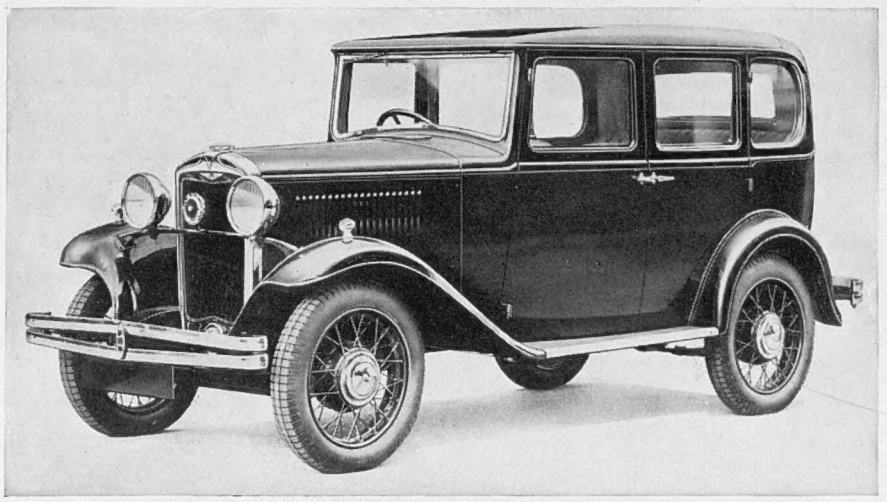
Being forced, as it were, always to take my holidays in the winter, I was agitated to decide where I should go this year, bearing in mind that Continental touring was unpatriotic and also that one's hard-earned cash is only worth about half its face value on the other side of the Channel. Being the owner of a super-charged car, I also thought that it was due to my mount to let it expand its lungs in a freer manner than is possible in running round Surrey. The obvious thing, therefore, was to make for Scotland. The most northerly point to which I had previously travelled by car was Ilkley in Yorkshire, so I called for assistance at the R.A.C., told them that I wished to go to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Perth. The very next morning the necessary itineraries came by post, and these proved invaluable. Two things struck me about the Great North Road, firstly, that signposting is in places really excellent and in others totally inadequate.

The R.A.C., the A.A., and the local councils all appear to have a hand at the game, and although the two big national organizations are consistent and erect signs of standard design, those of many local councils are completely out of date and thoroughly inefficient. These authorities seem to forget that the Great North Road is in most places so wide, so straight, and so smooth, and carries such a small amount of traffic that those motorists who do travel along it step on the throttle quite a bit. Once I got to Edinburgh I realized that these so-called road records from the Scottish to the English capitals are not nearly so wonderful as they sound, though I am not suggesting that I could equal the record even if I were misguided enough to try.

A BILLIARD-TABLE ROAD.—The second point in connection with the road was its wonderful condition. For three-quarters of its length it is more like a very wide private avenue kept scrupulously tidy, and it appeared to me that there was a very nice, bright red footpath so that one could walk from London to Edinburgh without putting a foot on the road.

Anyone who has been travelling along this great arterial road will agree with me that there are no signs on it of an economic crisis. Every now and again speed has to be reduced in order to negotiate a stretch of surface which is being remetalled, or one is brought to a complete standstill waiting for the opposing stream of traffic to stop before the single available width of road is open for use. Corners are being removed, bridges widened, and villages by-passed. Great as the road is at present, when all these improvements are completed it should be the finest road in Europe. In spite of this pleasant reflection, however, I am wondering what is going to happen to the wonderful army of signallers who wave red and green flags at you, according to whether they wish you to stop or come on over their particular section. In the whole country there must be thousands of these individuals, some of whom are quite good at their jobs, but the majority of whom are quite unfitted to control wheelbarrows let alone motor-cars.

Reverting back to the question of sign-posts, the authorities in towns and cities should do far more to direct a tourist on his way. Some boroughs are most helpful, but others allow you to wander about and get completely lost. I should say that the worst offender in this respect is the City of Glasgow, and after spending a Sunday evening in the second city of the Empire I certainly did not wish to waste any time getting out of it on Monday morning.



DE LUXE MOTORING: The Hillman "Minx" Saloon, which created so much interest at Olympia, is now well on the road to production. The model illustrated above is the saloon de luxe priced at £175

ANACHRONISTIC ACCOMMODATION.—On the whole I was disappointed in the hotels, not that they were dirty, but rather because they were out of date, though signs were evident that they were endeavouring to leave the Victorian period behind, but the efforts were not always pleasant or complete. It really does seem archaic that one of the biggest and most expensive hotels in Edinburgh and also in Glasgow has bedrooms on the second floor which have not yet been fitted with running hot and cold water. Another hotel I stayed at which was the best in the town had no light over the bed, and the switch which operated the only source of illumination was well out of reach of the would-be sleeper. Cooking on the whole was not too good, and I had the most appetizing meal in the smallest town I stayed at, and that was at The George at Grantham.

The hotels of England and Scotland have an opportunity in front of them now which may not present itself again for a century. They must realize that people in the past have not gone abroad just because they wanted to get away from their native land, but very often because the hotels on the Continent, even those which we would consider second-class in this country, are up to date and considerably cheaper than their counterparts in this country.

WELL BALANCED SKIN TREATMENT

For Daily Care of the Skin

The Soap thoroughly cleanses and at the same time protects the skin, the Ointment heals that unexpected pimple, rash or skin irritation.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d.

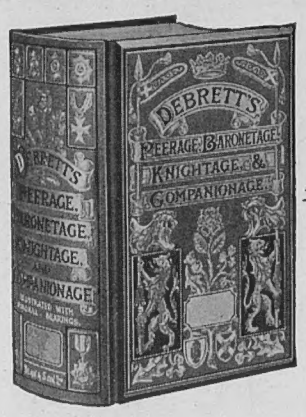
JOHN JORROCKS, M.F.H.

Here is a gay pottery ornament for any hunting household, by Geoffrey Sparrow. The immortal Jorrocks stands beside a milestone marking 4 miles to Handley Cross, and from the vantage point of mantelpiece or bureau his rubicund features radiate cheerfulness and good humour even at breakfast time. Height 8 inches. The milestone is hollow and holds matches.

PRICE **31s. 6d.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *January* 2, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.



The Standard Peerage for 1932

A BOOK OF OUTSTANDING INTEREST

Includes latest corrections and New Honours conferred.

Essential to Everyone after a Dissolution, a General Election, and many Cabinet changes.

DEBRETT'S

PEERAGE (with Index to Courtesy Titles)

BARONETAGE (with Index)

KNIGHTAGE (with Issue)

and COMPANIONAGE (Biographical)

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

A Veritable Dictionary giving millions of facts and dates

Edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRIGE

Clear, accurate, and easy of Reference. All Alphabetically arranged.

Illustrated with Armorial Bearings.

Cloth Gilt (Complete Edition), Royal 8vo, 75/- net; or in Two Vols., Peerage and Titles of Courtesy, 35/- net; and Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 45/- net. Special thin paper Edition (complete work bound in Limp Morocco), 120/- net.

DEAN & SON, Ltd.,

Debrett House, 29, King Street,

Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You when You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The GREAT EIGHT Reading Room in Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA and EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIII^e, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W. 15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rotisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

BRITISH HOTELS

Registered with

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

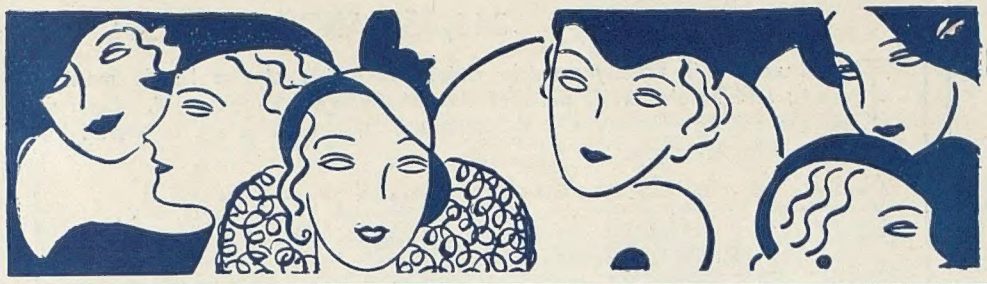
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2

THIS bureau will readily provide details of tariffs at the hotels mentioned below, particulars of fares, routes, resorts, and hotels in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc.

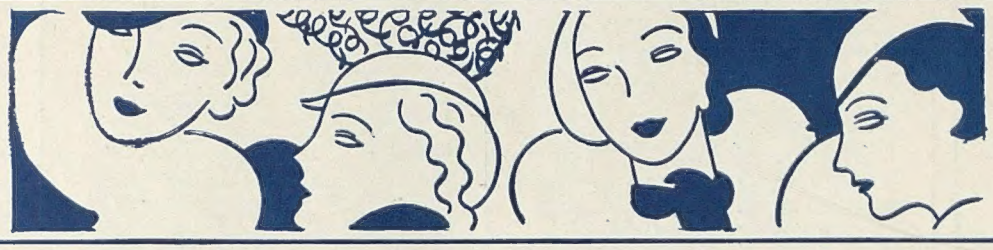
Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Abergavenny	Angel Hotel
Aberlour	Lour Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	New Inn Hotel, Muddiford
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Bournemouth	The Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Bancroft Hotel
Do.	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bray (Co. Wicklow)	Bray Head Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Bridlington	Hotel Britannia
Bridport	Bridport Arms Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Do.	The King's Hotel
Do.	Katte Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Bundoran (Co. Donegal)	The Hamilton Hotel
Bury St. Edmunds	Angel Hotel
Do.	Three Kings Hotel
Bushmills (Co. Antrim)	Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway
Buttermere	Victoria Hotel
Buxton	The Old Hall Hotel
Callander	Dreadnought Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Montpellier Spa Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Clacton-on-Sea	The Kingsley Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Do.	Northdown Hall Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Shelbourne Hotel
Do.	Wynn's Hotel
Dulverton	Carnarvon Arms Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Royal British Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Albion Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Hydro Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Exeter	New London Hotel
Do.	Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Greenbank Hotel
Do.	Gwendra Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	The Palace Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	Riverside Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Grantown-on-Spey	Grant Arms Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Marine Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Hove	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	Barrow House Hotel
Do.	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Royal Oak Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Ormscliffe Hotel
Do.	The Towers Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C. 2
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W. 2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C. 2
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W. 1
Do.	Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W. 1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W. 1
Do.	Mostyn Hotel, 16-19a, Portman St., Portman Square, W. 1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C. 3
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C. 1
Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Lynmouth	Tors Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Malahide (Co. Dublin)	Grand Hotel
Malvern	British Camp Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	The Lilybanks Hydro Hotel
Melrose	Abbey Hotel
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Morecambe	Elms Hotel
Morehampstead	Manor House Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	Rainbow End Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Nottingham	The County Hotel
Do.	The George Hotel
Oban	Great Western Hotel
Oughterard (Co. Galway)	Corrib Hotel
Oxford	Randolph Hotel
Paignton	Paignton Palace Hotel
Do.	Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr	Grand Hotel
Perth	Station Hotel
Polperro	Rose Hotel
Plymouth Hoe	Hoe Mansion Hotel
Do.	Osborne Pension
Richmond (Surrey)	Richmond Hill Hotel
Ripon	Unicorn Hotel
Rosslare (Ireland)	Strand Hotel
Ross-on-Wye	Ross Royal Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Cork)	Rostrevor Hotel
Rumbling Bridge	Rumbling Bridge Hotel
St. Andrews	Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea	Grand Hotel
St. Ives	Chy An Albany Hotel
Do.	Tregenna Castle Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots	Bridge Hotel
Do.	New Inn Hotel
Salisbury	Old George Hotel
Do.	The White Hart Hotel
Scarborough	The Grosvenor Hotel
Do.	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Do.	Red Lea Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Do.	Red Horse Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Tankerton	Marine Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Thurso	Pentland Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Astwell Hall Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	Senlac Hotel, Welleswood
Do.	South Hill House Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea	Westcliff Hotel
West Malvern	Westminster Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare	Royal Pier Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Weymouth	Hotel Burdon
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Old England Lake Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing	Steyne Hotel

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF *The Sphere*

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 0s.10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.



Thousands of Smart Women have discovered



this up-to-the-minute New Style Magazine

IN 1932 IT WILL BE BETTER THAN EVER

In the January Issue — On Sale January 1st

"WHEN DEATH PRESSES THE BUTTON" *by Lady Drummond Hay*
"HOW SANDERLEYS CAME TO SAMPITS" *by Edward Percy*
"PAINTED LADIES" *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"MUSHROOM MOVIE TOWNS" *by Margaret Chute*
"LEOPARD IN A CAGE" *by Mollie Panter-Downes*
"WIND-JAMMING THE HORN" *by Shaw Desmond*
"ELIZABETH PEPYS—WIFE OF SAMUEL" *by Elizabeth Chabot Forrest*
"GEORGE SAND" *by William Leon Smyser*
"LETTERS TO THE WOULD-BE'S OF THE THEATRE" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"THEN IT CAN'T BE ALL SEX-APPEAL..." *by Sydney Tremayne*
"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO" *by F. Matania, R.I.*
"A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED..." *by Winifred Lewis*
"MAKING THE MOST OF THE SMALL HOUSE" *by Antonia White*
A DINNER SET OF UNUSUAL DESIGN
"IN PRAISE OF TOYS" *by Amabel Williams-Ellis*
"ACHES AND PAINS"
"BEAUTY IN THE MAKING" *by Chrysis*
IN THE KITCHEN
MADAM, DID YOU KNOW?
"MAKE YOUR FORM FIT THE FASHIONS" *by Antonia White*
"HOW TO MAKE YOUR BUDGET BALANCE" *by Madge Garland*
SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UTILISATION OF SALE BARGAINS
"THE HAG-MINDER" *by Christine Jope-Slade*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*
"THE MONKEY PUZZLE" *by Margaret Jepson*
THE MOTORING SECTION *conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*
THE WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION *conducted by Eleanor E. Helme*
THE CHILDREN'S SALON

To be sure of your Copy, instruct your newsagent to deliver

BRITANNIA AND EVE

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *January 2*, 1932. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.